

## Empire Supplement

# THE ACADEMY

AND

# LITERATURE

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### JOHN BULL'S LETHARGY

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL

THE chief mental vice of our generation is apathy. It is hard to judge whether it is the apathy of satiety—whether we are so saturated with news, "sensations," tonics of scientific discovery, discussions on art and its developments, political instruction, new theories of ethics, and popular education that we do not respond suitably to further stimulus—or whether it is apathy of indifference, the consequence of an indifference that has become habitual. There is very little excitement about the Parliament Bill, and such excitement as there is is most feeble among the masses. Yet the Parliament Bill effectively deprives the people of this country of their liberties, and brings them under a system of Cabinet tyranny. It has a worse effect, for, while giving the Cabinet the power of a tyrant, it makes this tyrant the tool of a minority of the electorate, whose strength lies in the survival of sedition in Ireland. To-day the power of the British people is suspended in the interest of Mr. Redmond; to-morrow it may be suspended in the interest of Mr. Keir Hardie. But there is no excitement.

For bread and freedom we depend upon the Navy. Probably three-quarters of the electors do not clearly understand whether or no the Government still adheres to and is prepared to maintain the Two-Power Standard. But there is no excitement. Probably three-quarters of the electors do not know whether we should be able to fight the Triple Alliance two years hence with a sure prospect of success. But there is no excitement. Probably the great majority of the electors could not give a considered opinion on the point whether, if it be admitted that our naval preparations are not now adequate to meet contingencies in the near future, they could be made so in time; and again there is no excitement. We have been told often and often that the supreme need of this country is cheap corn; there are cogent reasons for believing that the proposed reciprocity agreement between the United States and Canada will raise the price of bread to the British consumer much above the imaginary figure which terrifies Cobdenites when they contemplate a system of Imperial preference; and there is no excitement.

Perhaps it is well that John Bull should be phlegmatic. But then he, like others, in *medio tutissimus ibit*—good qualities become bad if they are carried to extremes. And there is one matter of an eminent importance which it is wholly mischievous to treat with indolent disregard. It is the problem of Imperial consolidation. That is a life or death problem for John Bull.

When our fathers chose industrial development à outrance, letting the devil take agriculture, they made us a dependent nation. We are dependent upon markets abroad for the sale

of our products, and if we cannot sell our products we cannot feed our people. Markets outside the Empire are being steadily closed to us. Japan has supplied the latest example of the process. We must secure our markets within the Empire as best we may, and opportunities are slipping from us. Moreover, if this country becomes an isolated island Power, faced by walled-in markets, the decay of its prosperity and the decrease of its population will be inevitable. In its decline the burden of a predominant Navy would become too great for it. It would cease to be able to protect its independence, and would either exist as a small Power because the balance of rival forces in Europe gave it an unstable lease of that status, or would be absorbed.

Further, when our fathers, departing from their ancestral tradition, staked the nation's future on industrialism, they made the additional mistake of accepting the *laissez-faire* principle. To the former error we owe the crowding of our people into the towns; to the latter, the unregulated slum. And we now have the familiar problem of physical degeneration among the poorer classes. It is also the problem of recruiting for the British Army. We have been exporting much of the best of our thews and sinews for half a century and more. If we could not call to our aid that proportion of it which has vitalised the Dominions overseas, could we withstand a strong military power in Persia, in India, in any part of the world? Could we, without that aid, endure the strain of a prolonged campaign against a powerful enemy even if we consented now to make the sacrifice involved in accepting Universal Service?

A man need not be far advanced in age to remember the three phases through which British public opinion has passed in relation to the Colonies. There was the pre-Imperial phase. The current belief was that the Colonies—homes of our surplus population and convenient fields for the fruitful use of our surplus capital—would mature to readiness for independence; and there was only a slack desire that history should be otherwise written. When an Australian contingent volunteered for service in the Soudan a quarter of a century ago that phase grew obsolete; a new light influenced opinion at home. We were ready for the instruction of Kipling, and we passed to the first Imperial phase, which reached its fullest development in the years of the South African War. There was a widespread, enthusiastic belief that the Empire should be and could be an organic whole as an extension of the United Kingdom. Realisation of the difficulties of the case and study of them in a calmer mood showed that the imperial *elan* could not and should not denationalise growing nations which geographical, social, industrial and ethnical circumstances were moulding into separate development. The prose of Mr. Jebb succeeded the lyrics of Kipling, and the accepted plan for consolidation became a scheme of federation for kindred

nations in which Britain is contemplated rather as *senior* than as *primus inter pares*.

How is such a scheme to be made operative? Of the two bonds which preserve unity sentiment rests upon community of ideals and traditions, kinship, and the living desire to maintain the historic relation; interest should provide a connection with innumerable ramifications, well trained and fostered, reaching interdependently even to the smallest communities in the Empire. The disruptive force is the compulsion which rightly urges each State to meet the contingencies of its history in its own national spirit and in accordance with its predominant interests. But the disruptive force can be annulled by a wise policy of all for each and each for all. The immunity from attack, the power in upholding a just claim, the strength in diplomacy, which each State of the Empire would derive from the solidarity of the whole would be a willingly accepted means of combining distinct nationality with federal union; and any sacrifice of the separate interests of one member of the federation would be amply compensated by the right of using the power of the united members for the promotion of all interests consistent with solidarity. The bond that unites the States must be flexible and adaptable, for in a community of nations there are constant changes of balance; and in these early stages of consolidation such changes will be rapid and of strong momentum. To-day the hegemony belongs justly to the old realm; the Navy is at once the guard and the guarantee of the independence and integrity of the Empire; and the upkeep of the Navy has hitherto fallen almost wholly to the share of the mother country. The working Army too has stood, for the main part, to her charge, both for men and money. Therefore, the supremacy of the Parliament of these islands has been natural and just. But these conditions are changing. The Dominions are taking up the burden of defence, and sooner or later they must have a co-ordinate, not a subordinate, power of counsel and control as to the use of the forces which they supply and support.

The States must have a foreign policy in common; they must have mutual trade bonds which have acquired the ease of use and familiarity in their bearing. To secure the adjustment and unity which these requirements involve there is no means but a slow growth of solidarity. No cut-and-dried formula of unity will endure the strain or meet the conditions. But it is a truism that there are favourable and unfavourable conditions of growth, and we all know that the bending of the twig gives the direction of the branch. The success or failure of the unifying process will probably result from action taken in its initial stages; and the present is the time of the early growth.

It would be admirable if this subject could be kept clear of party conflict. But that desideratum is beyond attainment, from no fault of the Unionist party. It is the bane of the present Government that the principles of an obsolete Liberalism constrain them to cut into both the bonds—sentiment and interest—which ought to keep the Empire united. The silly insolence of "banging and bolting and barring" the door against Preference is a blow to the good will of the Dominions and a blow to commercial solidarity. The blow is dealt for the sake of a dead and dry generalisation from conditions that have disappeared off the face of the earth—the Cobdenite formula, which is without relation to the governing facts in the business world of our day. The Liberal Government is bound by its economic superstition to sacrifice the living to the dead.

The Imperial Conference is close upon us. At that Conference we can either continue the work of consolidation sagaciously and effectively, or we can once more let opportunities slip past us and become irrevocable, jeopardising the cause of Imperial Union with all that it means for us. The

progress of unity cannot be forced, but if it is aided on the side of the mother country by statesmen worthy of the task those who are in their early years among us need not despair of seeing in Westminster Hall—the cradle of our great tradition of rule by representatives—a truly Imperial Parliament. That the Government should undergo a change of heart and show a regenerate spirit in this matter is beyond the bounds of reasonable hope; they are the hierophants in the musty temple of Free Trade, declaring that the fetters on our own commerce are the insignia of its glorious freedom, and repulsing our kinsmen from the door.

What is needed is that the nation should rouse itself to insist that its rulers should accept the offer of assured security and prosperity for the Britain of the future, and preserve the Cobdenite fane solely as a museum of antiquities. It would be easy to name many suitable curators. But there is no excitement among the public. John Bull is happy and confident in his apathy, and the Cobdenite superstition prevails. Some day John will be startled into recognition of what it has cost him, and the anxious hope of every Imperialist is that the day may not come too late.

## THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE

WITH the opening of the "Festival of Empire" on May 12th it may safely be said that the Crystal Palace takes a new lease of life. There may be two opinions upon the propriety of disturbing the beautiful grounds, of "desecrating" them, some might say, by the erection of stiff buildings and by the cutting of a *ceinture* railway, but there can be no question of the lively and lasting interest of the new venture. To be present on the opening day was to realise how fine a thing is true Imperialism—devotion to King and Queen and country. Patiently the crowd inside the palace awaited the arrival of their Majesties; patiently the crowd outside waited in the sunshine until the concert should be over; and then, when the Royal party had passed and the cheers had subsided, the real business of the day might be said to have begun. That business was, of course, to explore the Dominions from end to end, and to observe, by the wondrous array of curiously clad gentlemen and ladies who flashed and glinted and glowed in the strong light, how we have developed in manners and attire since the gay old times when our predecessors dwelt in caves, or went on pilgrimages, or chopped off offending heads incontinently, or wore their ladye's glove on their helmets, or fought armadas, or did other of the gallant and glorious things which we admire—but cannot do—to-day.

With the magic pass we travelled round the comfortable little electric "All-Red Route" through half a world of wonders. India, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa—at any of these and other stations the explorer may alight, to find himself inspecting some industry, manufacture, or peculiarity of the country associated with the name of his stopping-place. The views on the route itself are very cleverly conceived and constructed, especially those which have to do with the sea—the famous harbours and ports, for example. The Indian Jungle, with various wild-looking fauna assembled at the most convenient view-point, is perhaps rather too palpably "constructed" for the benefit of the ignorant onlooker; but the natives of the vales and dells over which the train passes are very obviously genuine—also very obviously amused at the attention they attract.

Needless to say, at such an Exhibition as this there are any number of "side-shows" for those who tire of the charms of acquiring knowledge. "Joy-wheels," mountain railways, and other hilarious pleasures familiar to Londoners



of late years through the medium of Earl's Court or Shepherd's Bush are here abounding, and will doubtless be patronised freely during the course of the summer, if the record attendances are followed up. The best thing to do on Friday, however, was to take a seat near one of the bands in the open-air and to watch the pageant of the crowd. Almost every third or fourth person seemed to have stepped from some volume of old-time fashion-plates. Two jesters of the Middle Ages, equipped with cap and bells and motley all complete, hob-nobbed with two dames of the Early Victorian era: sundry gaolers who scowled fiercely when they remembered their austere office, various tormentors who tormented not, were hail-fellow-well-met with ladies of the ultra-modern school. Damsels wearing the most atrocious crinolines walked—or waddled—cheek-by-jowl with devotees of the "hobble" skirt, and the effect was certainly most instructive and illuminating. Knights and scribes, clowns and peasants, Elizabethans and Carolians, all were represented, and probably had we inquired we might have discovered King Alfred in some doleful corner dreaming over his burned cakes. Twilight fell: the vivid golden flames from the summits of various domes and towers mingled with the softer flames of sunset, and still the endless pageant passed by, still the laughter of happy voices ascended to the deepening skies. And after twilight came the fireworks, for the joy of those who must ever be watching for eye-sensations and thrills.

And the good of it all? Well, the "Festival of Empire" is more than a mere Exhibition, although to dub it "educational" is to call up very undesirable, dry, and dusty visions. To learn while being entertained is the ideal condition of absorbing knowledge: such a condition is fulfilled by the festival now in progress. Many columns would be needed to describe all that is to be seen even inside the Palace of Crystal; the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty lies in an actual visit and tour of the transformed grounds. Many Londoners, we cannot doubt, will realise as never before how splendid is the Empire of which they and their city form a central part.

## AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE

We are your loyal daughters  
From 'neath the Southern Cross  
Swift as the following billows  
Strong as the albatross,  
Owning one Throne, one Empire,  
Sounding true friendship's ring,  
Bending the knee in loyal  
Devotion to the King.

If we are supposed to wait for a national growth and national traditions upon which to base a country's literature, then that of Australia is a forward and precocious growth. For nearly half a century after the principal classics were produced under the Southern Cross, critics were wont to say that Australia possessed no literature, that the Australian prose-writers and poets were without character or distinction, without any special qualities which should make them Australian and not merely localised English writers.

And until quite recently this charge was not an unjust one. The birth-history of Australia is not an inspiring theme. The infant struggles were uninteresting. And so for three-fourths of a century the literature of the Colonies consisted mainly of official reports, domestic and travel narratives, and controversial correspondence in which the diatribes of W. C. Wentworth, Dr. J. Dunmore Lang, and

Robert Lowe (Viscount Sherbrooke) loomed large. Wentworth and Lang turned out a mass of material, chiefly connected with the struggles for the cessation of transportation and for representative government. But it was strictly utilitarian, and its popularity belonged to the day only.

The echoes of these diatribes were still ringing throughout the Mother Colony when the first hapless generation of Australian writers was born. They were a strange triumvirate—two poets and a novelist—who for a generation held the stage and gave to Australia the first fruits of its literary genius. It was a barren field for early singers. They all struggled. They all died young and poor, leaving their bones in a desert to show the way to following bards.

What a remarkable trio! One of them, the melancholy, shy, but sweet-tongued Henry Clarence Kendall, was in the truest sense an Australian. The son and the grandson of colonists, he had known nothing but the hearts and hearths of the Great Pacific. And yet he did not know Australia in its manliness and robustness. He knew squalor and poverty young, but young also he knew James Lionel Michael, a poetic solicitor of high culture; and the muse of the introspective, studious lad was saved and flourished. Kendall was passionately fond of Australian Nature, and also of the fragments of prose and verse that then stood for Australian literature. He was an acquaintance of the first poet of the South, C. H. Harpur (author of "The Creek of the Four Graves"), and he was to some extent a *protégé* of the great Australian Henry Parkes, then struggling in the editorship of a Sydney newspaper. Kendall was essentially a dreamer, a lover of that Nature which he painted so well:—

It seems to me, my friend, and this wild thought  
Of all wild thoughts doth chiefly make me bleed,  
That in those hills and valleys, wonder-fraught,  
I loved and lost a noble creed.  
For now my soul goes drifting back again.  
Aye, drifting, drifting like the silent snow:  
While scattered sheddings in a fall of rain  
Revive the dear lost Long Ago.

Kendall was twenty-one when he published his first poems in 1862. He had no sympathy with the robust joys and sports of life, and he died, at forty-one, a hopeless alcoholic.

By the side of Kendall sang Adam Lindsay Gordon, an Englishman by birth. But how different his muse! Gordon was a wild youth. It was his youthful recklessness that made him an Australian. He looked life in the eyes: played and gambled: rode hard: lived fast. And he wrote as he lived: of sport, manliness, horses, and deeds. In this, indeed, he was the prophet of Australia, setting the keynote for the Australian literature of to-day. Gordon is epitomised in his verse:—

Life is mostly froth and bubble.  
Two things stand like stone—  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own.

Yet Gordon himself failed of the latter. The world was unkind to genius in those days. Poverty dogged also the footsteps of the gay Gordon. The man who wrote this verse and won three steeplechases in one day, committed suicide at the age of thirty-seven, afraid of debt.

The third of the trio was Marcus Clarke, who came early to Australia, and soon left the prose classic of the generation, "The Term of His Natural Life." He made much money in fourteen years of writing, but was hopelessly improvident, and died poor at thirty-six.

But even with this work achieved, there was still substantial ground for saying that Australia had no literature of her own. If there was something freer, more rollicking,

more racy in the verse of Gordon than in that of contemporary English bards, it was no more than the expression of the freer and less conventional life he led, or the reflection of the freer and less conventional public for whom he wrote.

There was little in the diction or the outlook of Gordon, Kendall, and Clarke to distinguish them from contemporary English writers. Clarke led up naturally to a later batch of novelists of no small distinction, but of no particular individuality. "Rolf Boldrewood" (T. A. Browne) put his experience as a police magistrate to account, and became famous in London in 1888 for the romance "Robbery under Arms," which his own countrymen had almost ignored; he added later "The Miner's Right" and "A Sydney Side Saxon." Ada Cambridge, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mary Gaunt, Hume Nisbet, Guy Boothby, and, perhaps we may add, Louis Becke, have all told their tale in English with English mannerisms. They belong to the pre-Bulletin school.

That school and the present school, which is coming to be recognised as Australian, have setting and theme in common. It is in character and expression that we see the distinctly Australian literature forming—bold, rapid, reckless, unorthodox, frequently irreverent. There is probably no other case on record in which a single journal has exercised the influence of the *Sydney Bulletin* in forming, through its reading, the character of a people. Politically the *Bulletin* has stood for a form of nationalism which was at first far in advance of the day; but its political creed included the encouragement of Australian talent in every form, and so the new Australian school of literature grew up under its aegis.

The writers who have been named worked chiefly after English models and forms. Their output was simply a localised contribution to the English literature of the day. In between the two schools, and forming a sort of connecting link, we find Brunton Stephens. Though he, too, was a Scot by birth, and came to Australia late in life, he ranks as much more an Australian than either Gordon or Clarke. That he was a contemporary of these two is often overlooked, inasmuch as he lived into another era, and did much of his best work when the new Australian literature had dawned. In fact, the author of "Convict Once" and Essex Evans, whose fine, emotional poem, "The Repentance of Magdalene Despar," appeared in 1891, combine most pleasantly the demands of English poetry and the special characteristics of Australia.

It is rather strange to find the Australian school set up by the *Bulletin* adopting the note struck by Adam Lindsay Gordon. Farrell, Daley, A. B. Paterson, Dyson, and Henry Lawson all worship at the shrine of the reckless young Englishman—all singing the same songs of horses and men, and honesty, and the bush, and most of them subject to the recurring pessimism which persists in what we know as Australian verse. The essentially Australian characteristics are the diction, the originality, the irresponsibility of sequence, the cynicism, the occasional blasphemy, and the repeated lapses into morbid melancholy. In the prose there is incongruity of expression, a tendency to abruptness, exaggeration for the sake of humour, and much flippancy. There is the impress of the *Bulletin* over the whole of the literature of the present day, both verse and prose, because the *Bulletin*, alone of the great Australian journals, has given any encouragement to the Australian writer.

The great lack of the island continent from the literary point of view is the lack of an indigenous history. There was little or no legend rooted in the soil when the whites arrived. The narrative of 150 years of white occupation contains so little romance, so little of heroics, and wars and

jehads, that the writer and the poet sigh vainly for inspiration, and are driven to the bush, and the backblocks, and the parched plains to describe, and caricature, and lampoon, and paint sympathetically the men and women who live "away back." The convict days gave inspiration to Clarke and Brunton Stephens, but they were not Australians. The theme is not so pleasant for the native-born. The material for treatment is not particularly abundant, and it is not varied or surpassingly attractive. It is in treatment that the Australian poet and prose-writers excel. It is their treatment of commonplace subjects that has built up a literature which is not to be despised for so young a people.

If the arguments which have been used to extenuate the former literary barrenness of Australia have any weight at all, there is no excuse whatever for New Zealand. Here we have a country bathed in historical incident, soaked in tradition, exuding romance—a perfect elysium for the imaginative. It was peopled by a superior class. Education is general and good. What of its literature, then? Alas!

The bibliography of New Zealand is indeed a very large one—larger than of any other country of like importance. A great deal of the writing, too, is the work of New Zealanders, but so much of it is political, controversial, official, and quasi-scientific, that the real literary work is limited and unimportant.

Somehow the beauties of the country have failed to inspire any distinctive muse, and its romantic history, both in the storied days of the Maori domination and throughout the long struggles of the white colonisers, have not furnished the cue to any New Zealand literary works of particular merit. Generally the classics are exotic. A country colonised only in 1840 could scarcely have produced a native classic before the appearance of Domett's "Ranolf and Amohia" (1872). But Domett was an English barrister and graduate, and he was thirty years old before he reached New Zealand, so that the beautiful interweaving of description of scenery with legends of the Maori race can scarcely be claimed for New Zealand literature. The first novels which can be properly attached to the soil of New Zealand are those of Vincent Pyke (1873-4), who made brilliant use of his goldfields experience.

In 1877 the most popular of the New Zealand poets, Thomas Bracken, published his "Flowers of the Free Lands." A great deal of his verse is ephemeral, and distinctly poor. The only poem which is really well known is the pathetic little lyric upon which his popularity rests, "Not Understood."

Unlike the Australians, the people of New Zealand are strangely indifferent to their own writers and poets. Such a singer as Arthur Adams is practically unknown for his work. Yet it was he who wrote "The Nazarene," "Maori-land," and "London Streets." What hope, then, for the minor bards—Church, Lawson, Jessie Mackay, Dora Wilcox, Mrs. Glenny Wilson, and Charles Regan (who died with his finest songs unsung)?

The trouble, is, no doubt, that New Zealand poetry is too orthodox. There is nothing distinctive in form or expression; nothing of the bold departures, the swing and pace, of Australia, to excuse it from comparison with the finished products of the orthodox bards of England. The prose writers of the Dominion have generally fallen in the same great gulf. Lacking special distinctiveness, they are lost in the literature of London instead of being judged by any standard of their own. In that greater world Farjeon succeeded. Vogel and Marriott-Watson are working with success. "G. B. Lancaster" possesses the vigour of style to command distinction if she also possesses the method.

G. RAITH GARSON



## SOUTH AFRICA

We from the veldt and kopje,  
 We from the ostrich farm,  
 Fresh from the drift and crossing,  
 Fresh from the desert's charm,  
 Now that the fight is over,  
 Now the death struggle's done,  
 Come to renew our service  
 To the Lord of the Southern Sun.

To speak or write of South Africa as though it were one country is, in a certain sense, a mistake. With regard to its industries and products, it may safely be termed a dozen or a score of countries, so widely do they differ; wine and fruit, ostrich-feathers, cotton, coffee, oil—the list might be indefinitely extended. Yet, in the wider sense, these various spheres are united as an inseparable part of the Empire.

The resources of so rich and fertile a land are enormous, and are as yet but very partially developed. Cotton-growing, for instance, which has been a matter of experiment for the last six or seven years, is still in a comparatively restricted stage, although the Zoutpansberg district of the Transvaal alone produced last season 100,000lb. of seed-cotton. If as yet the industry has not been a commercial success it will soon become so, for the farmers are rapidly gaining experience as to the most suitable methods of cultivating a crop which is somewhat strange to them. In the Western Province, according to a writer in the "South African National Union Annual," successful experiments have been made; on the coast-belt of the Eastern Province and in Rhodesia also the crop is of excellent quality. There is nothing that British manufacturers desire more than a new and enlarged area of production which would render them to some extent independent of the existing limited sources of supply. But if South Africa can produce a sufficient supply of cotton for export purposes there is no reason why ultimately its manufacture into textile commodities should not be undertaken. At the present time, of course, every article in cotton manufacture is imported, but if it can be produced and locally manufactured the possibilities are enormous. This may seem like a counsel of perfection, but the possibility should nevertheless be kept in view.

The average man who hears South Africa or one of its various component countries mentioned imagines, we fear, that diamonds and Kaffirs—whether stocks or natives—are its sole output, forgetting the immense possibilities of the fruitful land which have developed since the war. Dry farming in South Africa, in one sense, has been practised since the waggon of the Voor-trekker first nosed its way into the trackless wilderness of the North. "What a good digestion is to an athlete, so is the properly-prepared ground of a progressive dry-land farmer—every atom of moisture and nutriment is made by soil culture to do its part towards preparing the ultimate crop." The appearance of the country in the maize markets of the world has fixed attention upon the problem of production, and the individual has been asking himself some very pertinent questions concerning his own and his neighbour's work. It is now a commonplace trip for a farmer to journey to Australia and New Zealand in order to choose sheep, and the widening influence of travel, the influx of new ideas, and the gradual opening up of distant parts by railway are all factors contributing to the creation of a new outlook and a new attitude. There is very little doubt that in ten years' time the seed of example which is being sown to-day officially and privately will bear ample fruit in an enormously increased production.

Mr. Guy Radford, a member of the London Committee of the Union, writing from the London market point of view,

notes that "the old monopolies of the favoured few are becoming things of the past," and that the financial and trade depression which has enveloped South Africa is giving way to returning confidence and increasing business. "The machine is being tuned up to greater and greater speed and bigger work. The past year has seen an appreciable move on the part of South Africa's manufacturing to nearer the centre of the river of the world's activities where the current runs fastest. It is withdrawing more and more from the sleepy backwaters where the motion of the current is almost imperceptible."

The mineral industry, which is of course the one most appreciated by the public, shows steady improvement. The total increase in the value of the mineral production during the last year is £1,650,000, of which gold has contributed £1,200,000 sterling.

For the year 1909 the total value produced by the mineral industry was £33,602,515; for the year 1910 it is £35,247,000 (estimated).

The fine work of Miss Hobhouse in her schools in the Transvaal and the Free State, introducing the weaving of woollen textile fabrics, is commented upon in an interesting article in the annual already alluded to. We quote one paragraph:—

At the Women's Industrial Union Exhibition, held in Cape Town early in December, 1910, there was excellent work from Port Elizabeth, in the way of rugs and woollen things, and good linen and cotton webs from the native mission at Tsolo—these also from South African raw material; and if they do nothing else, the spinning schools serve as local experimental stations where new products can be tested. Wild cotton has proved itself a good spinning material, and it is likely that this product of the Transvaal may find itself placed under cultivation; when woven it proves a strong web, with a fine, glossy surface; and as it is of natural growth in the Northern Transvaal, one would hope that it would be immune from diseases. Then there is ramie, and the fibre of the mealie, and many other things which are now mere waste by-products. It would be well to have small local industries just to use them up.

On such lines is the development of South Africa proceeding; and although it may not boast of being a whole Continent, as is Australia, or a huge Dominion such as Canada, in the next decade we shall hear much more of the country and its products than is at present suspected by the man who only thinks of it as "the place where diamonds come from."

## THE BOILING LAKE IN DOMINICA

By SIR CHARLES WALPOLE

DOMINICA is almost in the centre of the chain of the Lesser Antilles, a range of mountains rising sheer from the floor of the Caribbean Sea, the peaks alone visible above the surface of the ocean. All the islands are of volcanic origin, and most of them more or less active volcanoes. Although there has been no serious eruption recorded in Dominica since its discovery by Columbus, the volcanic action takes care to let the people of the island know that it is only slumbering, by slight recurring earthquakes, by an occasional shower of dust, and by the everpresent activity of its Soufrière and its Boiling Lake.

I paid a visit to the Boiling Lake on March 11th, 1890, in company with the Governor's Private Secretary and two gentlemen who were planters and merchants at Roseau, the capital of the island. It is a day's journey from Roseau to the Lake—a very hard day's work—involving some stiff

climbing, in the damp tropical heat of 15deg. N., the temperature ranging between 85deg. and 95deg. in the shade; but any one who has seen the place will admit that the remarkable and unique phenomenon to be witnessed is well worth the expenditure of energy.

We started from Roseau at five in the morning, each on one of the ramshackle island ponies, which look as if they had not half a foreleg amongst them, and which will carry you uphill and down dale all day and never make a mistake. Our route lay up the Roseau Valley, due east along a steep winding track through luxuriant tropical scenery which I will not be so foolish as to describe. We rode for two hours, and finally arrived at a tiny negro settlement called Laudat,\* which hangs, like a gull's nest on a cliff, above the magnificent waterfall which is some day to supply the power for lighting Roseau.

Here we found a superior black man who was to be our guide, and who at once took charge of the ponies and placed them in a stable for the day. We on our part proceeded to discuss a light breakfast of hard-boiled eggs and coffee, and at eight o'clock followed our guide across half a mile of steep open country until we came to the forest. A path through the forest had no doubt once been cut by some one, but the bush grows quickly, and but for our guide we should have soon lost it. Here and there biggish trees had fallen across the line of march, which had to be scrambled over, and it was nine o'clock before we saw a break in the woods and struck a mountain stream, which runs down the slope to the waterfall below us.

All this time we had been taking a south-easterly course and had reached a spot somewhat to the south of the line of the Roseau Valley. To the north of us lay three-quarters of the island with a huge backbone of mountain, rising hill above hill, and Marne Diablotin, the highest of all, in the middle of them. In front of us to the south was a range of hills, lower than those to the north, forming spurs to an irregular cone within which lay the object of our expedition. Crossing the stream at its shallowest part, we found the mountain side rising abruptly in front of us. It was densely covered with bush and trees, and so steep that we could only make our way up by hauling ourselves from tree to tree, and it took another hour before we reached the top. On surmounting the last obstacles we found ourselves on the rim of a huge crater. The side to the south of us had been broken away, and the effect was that of an amphitheatre, on the further side of which you could see the southern portion of the island, the ocean beyond, and Martinique in the distance. The Boiling Lake, which was hidden from our view, lay at the lower extremity, with an outfall, when it overflowed, on the broken side of the crater, on to the shoulders of the mountain itself.

The side of the crater was almost precipitous beneath us for a depth of some 50ft., and it then sloped down with a steep gradient towards the broken side. Before and behind us the contrast was great; we were leaving the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical hillside to plunge into an arid rocky basin without a sign of life in it. Further down the slope small streams trickled highly charged with sulphur and warm to the touch; while further still huge jets of steam and boiling water burst from crevices in the ground, like the stream of a mighty fire-engine and with the hissing roar of ten thousand locomotives. The ground itself, as you trod upon it, gave the impression of being a mere crust, and you half felt that, had you an alpenstock in your hand, you could drive it through into the subterranean cauldron.

After a scramble of about three-quarters of an hour we worked our way down the side of the crater till we reached

a low ledge of rock. A gust of wind caught what had seemed to be a bank of cloud in front of us, but was in fact a huge volume of steam, and, sweeping it away, disclosed, about 20ft. below us, a small piece of water some 200 to 300 yards long. Instantly the cloud of steam shut out the view again, and then rolled away in wreaths.

For upwards of an hour we sat there watching the changing scene, catching glimpses from time to time of the troubled water beneath us. In places the lake appeared to boil and seethe and to rise and fall, to become smooth and to boil again. Towards the centre was evidently the region of its chief disturbance. One of our planter-friends told us that he had been there on a previous occasion and found the lake dry and the floor exposed, and that as he sat and watched it the water rushed up through vent-holes in the floor and flooded part of it and then ran back again. The temperature must have been fearfully high, for a few weeks before we were there two white men and a black guide had foolishly tried to get across at the foot of the lake, and the guide had slipped and fallen into the water, and before the others could get him out the flesh was half-boiled off his bones.

We had some sandwiches with us, which we ate, and our guide fetched us some water, which he declared came from a sweet spring—the only one there. We drank a little, and it tasted fairly clean; but I regretted having done so, for the inside of my mouth and throat was sore for days after. There is sulphur everywhere. Everything is impregnated with sulphur. A pair of silver links I was wearing and some silver in my pocket were black as ink before I reached home.

It was noon when we started on our return journey, and it took us over an hour to get back to the rim of the crater; we had a rest and smoked a pipe when we got there, feeling that we had broken the neck of our journey. A couple more hours brought us again to Laudat, where our thoughtful and hospitable planter friends had provided a good square meal. The ponies took us briskly homewards, and we reached Roseau about six o'clock.

I think it should be mentioned that dangerous exhalations are sometimes found in the neighbourhood of this lake—probably carbonic acid gas is generated and expelled in large volumes. It is only a short time ago that a young Englishman visited the lake with a black guide. The guide was seen to fall, and was evidently in great distress. The young fellow went to his assistance, but could not carry him out of danger, and, refusing to leave his side, himself fell a victim to the asphyxiating fumes.

## THE FOREIGN POLICY AND HIGHER DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

By LANCELOT LAWTON

THE forthcoming Imperial Conference is destined to stand out in the history of the British Empire as an event of crucial importance. In all quarters of the world, wherever British dominion holds sway, high expectations are entertained that its deliberations will decide the permanent basis of the structure of an Imperial foreign policy and a permanent plan for the development of Imperial strategy in its relation to Imperial defence. These broad and supreme issues, involving as they do at one and the same time the safety and the unity of the Empire, overshadow every other topic set upon the agenda for discussion. The Government has given an explicit promise that no useful information shall be kept back. If they remain true to their word, then

\* Pronounced Lodär.



the Colonial Premiers will be admitted to the inner confidences of Downing Street and will be summoned to the meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

Naturally, proceedings of this kind, fraught as they will be with vital significance in the scheme of Empire, must be conducted amid circumstances of closely-guarded secrecy. Yet the character of the issues to be raised are known beforehand with tolerable certainty. It is our foreign policy that dictates our Imperial strategy. And if we examine frankly and critically our foreign policy, as it is at present, and venture reasoned speculation as to how it is likely to work out in the future, we shall gain a very fair idea of the magnitude and importance of the task that lays before the Conference. We cannot deny the fact that on the surface our foreign policy appears to be in direct conflict with the aims and purposes of the Colonies. It would be idle to blind ourselves to the unpopularity of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. This alliance has been regarded by our kinsmen as an admission, undesirable in every way, of the yellow races to fraternity and full equality with the white races. Such a view is alone sufficient in their minds to carry with it a condemnation of British statesmanship. For Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are united in their determination to preserve their territories exclusively for the white man. It is not the writer's intention to attempt at the present juncture a justification or otherwise of their policy. But in approaching the subject in a general way let us not forget that it is a policy deep-rooted in passionate sentiment, and that should we seek by any persuasion of our own to turn our Colonies from it, we shall fail not only in our immediate purpose, but shall strike hard at the very foundations of Empire.

Our Colonies have seen that Japan, by the aid of British political support and by the aid of British capital (too often denied themselves), has risen to a position of dominating superiority in the Pacific, and, rightly or wrongly, they regard her as a potential menace to their peace, if not to their existence. They have seen, too, that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been followed by the withdrawal of all the British battleships, six in number, from the Pacific, and that our prestige has suffered because of the fantastic notion abroad in China that British interests in this region have been handed to the Japanese for safe keeping.

And finally, the Colonies do not ignore the many evidences of transition in China—transition which threatens vast and far-reaching consequences to themselves. It so happens that while their policy is somewhat in conflict with the spirit of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, it is in perfect harmony with the attitude of the United States towards Oriental problems. When in 1908 tension ran high between Japan and America a powerful fleet of sixteen battleships which President Roosevelt sent to the Pacific received a welcome from New Zealand and Australia that was remarkable for its warmth. In a speech reported by Reuter Sir Joseph Ward declared that the American fleet was coming to Australia not as that of a foreign country, but as that of a nation which was kith and kin of the Anglo-Saxon race. There would some day, he added, be a fight to decide whether white men or Orientals were to govern Australasia and the Pacific Islands, and the American fleet would then fight shoulder to shoulder with the Old World. The New Zealand Press frankly expressed the view that in the future Great Britain and America would be called upon to compete with Japan for the command of the Pacific, and urged with complete unanimity that the two great Anglo-Saxon countries should shape their politics in unison. At Sydney over half a million people awaited the arrival of the American fleet, and the Press strenuously advocated that Australia should

co-operate with America in protecting their mutual interests, even if by so doing her relations with Japan should be strained.

The Americans, on their side, were not slow to appreciate the significance of the occasion. It is not inopportune, in view of the important discussion that will take place at the forthcoming Conference on Imperial Foreign Policy, to reproduce here the comment of the *New York Tribune*, one of the most conservative organs of public opinion in the United States:—

There are, however, two other motives, not unworthy nor unnatural, which we must suppose to be potent in the case. One is suggested by the remembrance that the British Navy has so reduced its strength in the Pacific as no longer to have its old-time predominance there. It would scarcely be unfair to say that it has voluntarily abdicated its supremacy in the Pacific in favour of its Japanese ally. Nor can there be offence in recalling that the Japanese alliance is not regarded with enthusiastic favour in Australia, or in suspecting that the statesmen and people of the Commonwealth, who are so earnestly intent upon making and keeping it, in their own familiar phrase, a "white Australia," are especially gratified at the advent in Pacific waters of an American fleet somewhat more powerful than any under the flag of the Rising Sun. That is to be said without the least thought of anything like the probability of a clash between the two chief Pacific Powers. It is simply a recognition of the undisguisable fact that racial feelings are uncommonly strong in Australia, and that the Australians would rather have an Anglo-Saxon fleet, American if not British, dominant in Pacific waters than any other.

Several American journals even went the length of discussing seriously the possibility of an Anglo-American Alliance brought about through the influence of Australia. Admiral Sperry, who was in command of the fleet, referred to the inner significance of the welcome, and added that "it indicated real and heartfelt sympathy between the two English-speaking nations, which are united not only by the ties of blood but also by great commercial interests in the Pacific and elsewhere."

A year earlier, when anti-Japanese riots occurred in British Columbia, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was the subject of considerable criticism of an unfavourable kind throughout Canada. A crisis was only averted by the action of Japan in wisely deciding of her own accord to restrict emigration from her shores. But it is realised both in Japan and in the Colonies that this measure can only be a temporary expedient. A large and influential section of political thought in Japan regard the attitude of America and our Colonies on this question as altogether incompatible with the place which their country has won for itself in the comity of nations. Doubtless the Government hold similar views, but for obvious reasons they are compelled to pursue a policy of extreme caution until such time as Japan shall be strong enough in a military sense to demand equality of treatment. It is against this time that our Colonies are now preparing. Australia and Canada are building up their own Navies, and it is plainly hinted, if not expressed in so many words, that these Navies will only be employed in wars of which the Colonial Governments approve. It is a disquieting situation thus disclosed, one that can only be dealt with by statesmen of Imperial minds.

Since the last Conference much has happened. It is now beyond all reasonable doubt that a comprehensive Treaty of Arbitration will be concluded between Great Britain and America. Such an instrument will be cordially welcomed by our Colonies. But the question may well be asked: Will the friends and enemies of Great Britain be also the friends and enemies of America? Already the question has been

raised: Are the friends of Great Britain the friends of Great Britain's Colonies? And here we are brought abruptly back to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and to the urgent need for harmony in the working out of an Imperial foreign policy.

It may be that our Colonies do not sufficiently realise that we were faced with no other alternative than to make an alliance with the Japanese; that, in other words, if we had not entered into an arrangement with them they would certainly have sought and found the friendship of another Power, a Power doubtless hostile to this country, in which event we should have been elbowed completely out of the Far East. Moreover, the German menace in Europe required that we should concentrate our naval strength in home waters. The treaty with Japan, as I have already explained, enabled us to withdraw six battleships from the Pacific. Yet it is clear from the trend of their naval policy that Australia and Canada are determined that they shall be able to defend their own shores with their own forces, independent of assistance from the Mother Country.

It will be the end of the Empire if this idea of separate interests is allowed to prevail. The interests of each and every unit must be broadened so as to embrace those of the Empire as a whole.

In 1915 the Anglo-Japanese Alliance expires; that is to say, that by the time the Imperial Conference assembles again the question as to whether or not the treaty will be renewed must have been decided. It is not inconceivable that the Government have already in mind a definite course of action in preparation for the year 1915. If so, it is to be hoped that they will take the Colonial Premiers fully into their confidence. The importance of this aspect of our foreign relations from the point of view of Imperial Unity cannot be overestimated. We must understand that if we are to continue to rely upon Japan for relief from the necessity of maintaining a large fleet in the Pacific then our Colonies will shape their naval policies on more or less independent lines. Rightly they will claim that they have their own interests to safeguard and that as these are of necessity opposed to the aims of Japan, they cannot and will not blindly subscribe to the spirit of the Alliance.

To urge upon them that the European situation demands great sacrifices will prove of no avail. They will then retort that if the British Navy protects the Mother Country they on their part will be well able to look after themselves.

Our Colonies have not been slow to realise that the year 1915 is one fraught with grave international significance. Not only is it the year when the Alliance expires, but it is the year when Japan will have completed her programme of armaments, when the Chinese will be in the enjoyment of Constitutional Government, when the Panama Canal will be opened, and when Russia will have doubled the Siberian railway and built a new line through her own territories to the Far East; and each and every one of these developments concern directly the future of the Colonies.

If Great Britain does not take the initiative in forming a strong Imperial fleet for the Pacific, Australia and Canada will ultimately supply the deficiency, and the cause of the Imperial Unity will then be dealt a death-blow.

The Colonies are willing to take up their share of the burden. To their squadrons, therefore, we must add not one but at least six battleships. Then, and then only, shall we have a truly Imperial Navy. No expenditure in such a cause can be too enormous when viewed in its proper light—the inevitable price of this great Empire of which we boast so much, and for which, comparatively speaking, we sacrifice so little.

## BRITANNIA

My trident rules  
O'er all the seven seas,  
Ten thousand islands  
List to my decrees,  
Continents five  
Share my Imperial realm,  
Steersman, I watch,  
One hand upon the helm.  
See closely linked  
In one my kingdoms three,  
See hand in hand  
My lands beyond the sea.  
Chaired in attune  
With one harmonious note  
In Pan-Britannic  
Witen-a-gemote.

## ENGLAND

We of the Anglo-Saxon line,  
Whose watchword ever was "Combine,"  
"Shoulder to shoulder all,"  
In love fraternal still abide,  
Immovable—the world astride,  
Till the last trump shall call.  
Stolid but shrewd, we guard the crown  
Our ancestors have handed down  
From traitorous word and pen.  
As Englishmen we spring to grip  
The good right hand of fellowship  
Held forth by loyal men.

## SCOTLAND

Dy'e ken bonny Scotland  
The best of a' lan's,  
Wi' leal Hieland Chieftains  
And leal Hieland clans,  
D'ye ken the stark lads  
From the brae and the glen,  
And a' the braw lairds  
The South Kintra within?  
There be stags in the forest,  
And tods in their haunt,  
There be fush in the river,  
And moorcock ayont.  
So here's to the lan'  
That we a' love the best,  
That has sent forth her sons  
To the East and the West.

## IRELAND

Here's to the isle of conspicuous piety,  
Here's to the land where we all love sobriety,  
Here's to the people whose swate contrariety  
Makes them most welcome, where'er they may be.  
Ready to fiddle and ready to fight,  
Ready to foot it by day or by night,  
Friend of a friend in a place that is tight—  
And such was owld Ireland, and ever will be.  
Cheery at weddings and cheery at wakes  
Laughing aloud at each other's mistakes  
Freed by St. Patrick from toads and from snakes  
Away from the Skelligs to Island Magee.





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## THE CONTINENTAL RÔLE

By H. BELLOC

FOR many centuries Europe has been divided into certain great states, each controlled by its central government and each independent of the others.

The political consequences of this are so familiar to us that we do not see the arrangement for what it is: something particular to our epoch and to our division of the globe. For these great sovereign nations, each, in theory, utterly independent of the rest, are closely bound in a common civilisation, obey, even in minute details, a large number of restricting conventions in the conduct of war, and seem possessed by a common instinct which forbids them to permit a conflict that would gravely imperil the general culture of the wanton transgression by mere force, of what they have come to consider as "national" rights.

Necessary and unquestioned as this arrangement seems to us, we shall not find a parallel to it in all history except, perhaps, on a small scale, and for a very short time, in ancient Greece. It is a state of affairs which breeds certain political consequences of the highest moment, and in particular a tendency for passing coalitions to arise; arrangements of this group against that, according as the strength, the ambition, or the irritability of one or more Powers threatens the security of the rest, or the common interests of the whole. Logically such a state of affairs should, perhaps, have ended in a Federal European State imposing peace within its own boundaries. In practice, the curiously high differentiation of nation from nation, each with its distinctive official language and wholly separate armed organisation, has not only endured for centuries but with the advent of rapid communication in materials and ideas seems only to have intensified.

The position of this country in these groups and regroupings of Powers which have been the mark of Europe for more than four hundred years is a peculiar one.

British foreign policy in Europe is often spoken of both at home and abroad as something completely isolated in its nature: as directed only to the advantage of Great Britain and as wholly neglecting the common interests of Europe. It is difficult to say whether the intellectual or the moral crudity of such an attitude is the greater. Great Britain must necessarily feel the moral reactions and the movements of culture which are common to our whole civilisation. Indeed, it has been made something of a reproach against her that public opinion has too vigorously expressed itself in matters affecting European morals or culture in foreign countries, where it believed those morals or that culture to be offended. But the position of Great Britain in the international groups of the past has been marked by three conditions peculiar to herself.

First: The national unity and its continuous direction under one governing or aristocratic class was expressed with more vigour, and that vigour more regularly maintained, than was the case with any Continental Power. Thus France works like one machine under the strong government of Louis XIV., seems to lose directness of vision in the reign succeeding, is again all one great army in the latter part of the Revolution, is twice divided against itself in the next two generations. German unity is seen dissolving for centuries and reconstructed only in our own time, and then only partially. Again, the frontiers of every other country change slightly with varying fortune. The frontier of Britain, which is the sea, remains inviolate. The continuity of British foreign policy tells the same tale of permanence and fixed direction.

The second characteristic in which Great Britain differs from her European neighbours lies in the fact that her immediate approach to any field of action is by sea—that is, her communications are universal if she has what is called (by a rather violent metaphor) "command" of the sea. When she occupies that favoured position her alliance can act upon all the seaboard of Europe. The advantage is one of choice of action; it may be compared to that of the queen upon a chess-board. Great Britain alone, for instance, of all the European coalition could join forces with the Spaniards and Portuguese in their Peninsula against Napoleon.

Thirdly, Great Britain has been essentially in the past not only an aristocratic but a commercial State, and the British Empire has arisen upon a basis of commercial experiments which explain the Colonies as they do the Dependencies and the retention of small points scattered throughout the globe; points which are the pivots of our commercial communications; many unfortunately (though the national optimism is loth to admit it) singularly ill-placed for the purposes of war.

Now these three characters determine the peculiar action of Great Britain when she joins a group of Powers during peace, or acts in the field with one group against another in time of war.

Her action will be untrammelled by internal dissension or anxiety for exposed frontiers. The field where her action will be available must be expected to lie near the sea. Finally, what she does must be conditioned by her obligations in every part of the globe: that outlook for new markets and empty countries open to development, which once preoccupied British action in Europe, is now replaced by an anxiety concerning their retention and defence in case of war.

Apart from these permanent factors in the situation of England with regard to European grouping or conflict, two quite modern and novel factors have appeared. The first is that England is no longer self-supporting, and that therefore in any campaign its effect upon her food supply must be considered. The second is that England is no longer the one wealthy Power which can subsidise allies during a Continental struggle.

These novel factors mean, first, that the rôle of England in any military action upon the Continent is less than it was in the past; secondly, that her naval supremacy has become the motive of all her foreign policy. We all feel this to be the case. We all write and speak upon the assumption of it, and foreign policy, though it has no longer the precision and continuity which it could once boast, reflects the public mind in the matter.

It is none the less a grave error to imagine either that a British contingent need never be seen again in arms upon the Continent or that any useful arrangement with any Continental group could be made which did not presuppose the landing of a force in support of the allies of this country. That such a force should be very large there is no need; that it should be immediately available, and should correspond to that immediate power of transport which Great Britain alone possesses, is absolutely essential. The strategies of Britain's position in Europe demand to-day, more than ever before, a striking force immediately ready, and such as an allied Power can reckon to be, number for number, the equals of its own troops. Now the last point in this list is perhaps the most important. It is that, under modern conditions, under the conditions of the moment at least, the old capital importance of the Low Countries as a theatre of operations for such a force has reappeared.

That the Low Countries would be our objective in case of war is a commonplace when the understanding with France

is quoted; but the major point of the consideration is that a landing upon this coast will remain our objective whether that understanding holds or no.

Boys at school and at the University are commonly taught that the policy of Great Britain must invariably be, and has invariably been, the support of the weaker against the stronger grouping of Continental Powers. History and experience give no hint of so simple a rule of thumb, nor indeed can any solid reason be found for it.

The truth is rather that Great Britain must incline, and has inclined, to support the stronger against the weaker when—as was most often the case—this support made for her own security, and for that of Europe; the rare occasions where the rule has been reversed have been those in which some Power had already proved itself so formidable in the field, and that for so long a time, that its domination threatened the general security, and our own security along with the rest.

Thus we find the Government of this country working with Napoleon III. when he had established his strength. When he had fallen before the rising power of Prussia English policy for a generation stood in support of the new, and what then was the strongest, Continental force. On the other hand, the Government of this country was not concerned to provoke, but somewhat tardily to join, the coalition against the power of France, whether in the wars of Louis XIV. or in those of the Revolution.

The days in which we live have introduced quite another factor into the general problem, which is the presence (through the rapid growth of wealth during the last forty years in other countries, and the growing importance also of their oversea imports) of navies comparable to our own. This can but mean that in the future we shall, and must, throw our weight into the scale against whatever Power for the moment contemplates the creation of a formidable fleet. If the German Empire occupies that position, then we must find ourselves inevitably attached to the opposing group of the national weights that balance Europe. If, as any development of the near future may discover, some other Power—Eastern or Mediterranean, or Western—promises a similar rivalry, it is against that Power that the direction of our policy will ultimately generally turn.

Now in any case, and not only in the particular case of the rivalry which every one is considering to-day, the place where action upon land would be demanded of us lies behind that flat shore which stretches from Grinez to the dykes of Holland. It would lie there for the very simple reason that this is the one part of Europe where great rival forces are intimately opposed at a point vulnerable to the open sea, and yet where no powerful and highly trained forces can occupy before the outbreak of war the territory lying open to our transports.

There is no other spot where an auxiliary force immediately available through our ample transport power, backed by our still existing maritime supremacy, could be driven as a wedge between any other two of the great nationally grouped armies upon the map of Europe.

If any one doubts this let him consider that map and judge where he would land a couple of army corps to act upon the flank of either force in a duel between any two contiguous countries he may choose to pick out, saving the rivals that face each other across the Belgian plains.

So far all that has been noted here is a point of theory alone, and of theory so generally accepted throughout Europe as to be almost axiomatic; but there is based upon that theory a very practical set of considerations, which, unfortunately, can only be dealt with by suggesting them in a series of questions, as I do here.

This considerable expeditionary force is our asset because we have the power of its immediate transport; but of what value is the power transport if the force itself be not immediately available?

Britain can no longer subsidise one Continental Power with money to act against another—there is no longer, unfortunately, a sufficient difference in wealth between this country and her rivals—but she can offer the expeditionary force in question to act in flank of her allies and to support them. Of what value is that modern form of subsidy, the only one available to-day, a subsidy in men, if the men cannot be upon the spot in the first hours of the campaign? Great bodies of troops cannot be moved at the first advance over hostile or neutral territory by rail, but a concentration round Mézières and a concentration south of Aix la Chapelle would, when the double advance began, involve an action within three days. If, as the present writer believes, the fortified Meuse is a serious obstacle, the heavy work might begin in the very first hours of the campaign. Troops breaking camp at dawn beyond the Belgian-German Frontier will have established contact upon the line of the Meuse in the middle of the second day. Of what value then would numbers, or even training, be if an expeditionary force could not be immediately despatched?

Finally, a military convention exists with regard to this matter, and nothing but the absurd mystification of the modern Press prevents its open discussion. It has existed for years. But is its basis as strong as it was three or four years ago? Is our power of landing an expeditionary force with the precision and rapidity the circumstances require still credited on the Continent? If we have not some such consideration in our hand to offer, how are we to prevent the neutrality of either of the great rivals in the case of conflict between ourselves and the other? And if we cannot prevent that neutrality, how should we conduct the campaign?

There are still men who pretend that national duels can be decided without armies and solely by the superiority of engines at sea. Those who cling to this opinion may find a useful occupation in attempting the answer of the last of the questions here set.

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## CANADA AND CANADIAN BANKING

We bring you fruit and lumber,  
And corn enough for all,  
A land to rear your children,  
To make them strong and tall.  
And when the foe attacks you,  
Our ships and men are yours,  
We'll stand beside each other  
As long as time endures.

BEFORE the Colonial Section of the Royal Society of Arts, on Tuesday, May 9th, Mr. F. Williams Taylor, London manager of the Bank of Montreal, read an interesting paper on the subject of "Canada and Canadian Banking," the Duke of Argyll being in the presidential chair. Mr. Taylor did not attempt to deal with the matter technically and theoretically. His aim was to present to those not conversant with the facts a survey of the country, its natural resources, the industries which have followed in sequence, and the practical side of banking as applied to the financing of such industries, and providing financial accommodation generally in a new country where conditions necessarily



differ greatly from those prevailing in older centres of civilisation.

Thirty-four years ago, said the lecturer, Canada was constitutionally a vast disjointed territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the international boundary line north to "a land where the mountains are nameless." Under the ever-memorable administration of Sir John Macdonald, the process of political integration known as confederation was inaugurated in 1867, and presently the whole country became welded into the Dominion of Canada. The far-seeing fathers of Confederation recognised the potential wealth of the western prairie country and the vital necessity of linking it to British Columbia on the Pacific coast and to the Eastern Provinces—hence the Government support accorded to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It will be obvious to all that a country of some 3,500 miles in width, extending from the boundary of the United States almost to the North Pole, must have a variety of climates, of physical features, and of natural resources. Mr. Taylor dealt seriatim with the provinces, describing their characters and indicating the nature of the industries carried on. Though there are different climates, different resources, mixtures of nationalities, and various provincial governments, the entire country is united in its respect for Anglo-Saxon laws and institutions and in devotion to the Mother-country. The whole territory is served by twenty-eight banks with about 2,500 branches, the combined paid-up capital and reserves being about £38,000,000. The Bank of Montreal was established in 1817. The Quebec Bank came into being in 1818, the Bank of New Brunswick in 1820, the Bank of Nova Scotia in 1832, others following in due course.

In Canada, as in all countries, the banking system is the result of a slow process of evolution. Canada started right, thanks to the Scotsmen who were conspicuous in the administration of the affairs of the country and in the promotion of its earliest banking institutions. "It is the case," said Mr. Taylor, "that the aim on the part of the bankers of Canada to adapt themselves to the requirements of the people, with the wise co-operation of the Government, has been a factor in the development of the country, its trade, its commerce, its transportation facilities, its resources, its financial stability, and in natural sequence in our national credit—particularly in London—the importance of which is beyond computation."

The Canadian system is in effect a unifying and co-operative one. The bank, acting as a medium, receives deposits from the prosperous farmers in agricultural districts where there is little demand for borrowed capital, lending it throughout the length and breadth of the land, where it is absorbed by the business requirements of merchants, manufacturers, miners, millers, and financial houses. The rate of interest allowed on what are called "savings accounts" is 3 per cent. throughout the whole Dominion, and the rate charged on loans varies little, the difference being not more than, say, 2 per cent., between the rate paid by the trader in some remote Atlantic fishing village, the rich merchant or manufacturer in the commercial centres, the lumber-man, the miner—even the farmer in the North-west or the tradesman in British Columbia. The Bank Act of Canada aims at protecting the public against the creation of weak or improperly managed banking institutions, and so prohibits the use of the name "bank," except under Government charter.

Mr. Taylor went on to explain the system of lending on the borrower's own "warehouse receipts," describing it as a system "which has enabled banks to an incalculable extent

to assist in the development of the trade of the country," giving as an illustration the financing of the great cereal crop of the West. The grain-dealer borrows from the bank on his personal warehouse receipts to pay the farmer; presently, when the grain is moved east, the railway bill of lading takes the place of the receipt. The bill of lading is later exchanged for an elevator receipt, which in due course is exchanged for the sale and ocean bill of lading which accompanies the draft drawn on the firms abroad to whom the grain is sold, and from the proceeds of this draft the banker is reimbursed.

The system of bank-inspection in Canada corresponds in general principle with that prevailing in this country, and in dealing with commercial customers in Canada it is a *sine qua non* that borrowers furnish the bank with detailed information regarding their affairs, together with balance-sheet, profit and loss accounts, &c. The Canadian Bank Act does not permit a bank to lend on real estate or upon the security of real estate mortgages. Any bank failures that have occurred in Canada have resulted not from defects of the banking system but from lack of ability or the dishonesty of individuals. In Canada, as in England, general managers of banks are trained bankers. The general manager is from circumstances somewhat of an autocrat, and though this may have its disadvantages as well as its advantages, autocracy is a simple, safe, and effective form of government or administration, provided that the autocrat is fully qualified for his great responsibility. Canada has been singularly fortunate in this respect.

Mr. Williams Taylor then said: "No section of the community appreciates more keenly than Canadian banks the vital necessity of an uninterrupted inflow of capital. American money will be forthcoming, as in the past, for the development of private enterprise, and English money for such purposes will doubtless follow in ever-increasing volume, but the Federal Government, the Provincial Governments, the municipalities and the great transportation companies must be financed in London, and that is one reason why the safeguarding of the national credit of Canada, in this the greatest of all money-markets, has been, is to-day, and will continue to be, one of the most important accepted duties and responsibilities of Canadian banks, and it also explains why Canadian banks with branches in London have so persistently declined to stand sponsors to doubtful public emissions."

Mr. Taylor concluded by referring, as a Canadian who had had the advantage of residing in the United States, and of knowing that country from end to end, to "the subconscious fear haunting every Englishman, and the pleasing dream of every American, that some day Canada will become part of the United States." "As one with an enormous acquaintance in Canada," said the lecturer, "and who has visited and revisited every city, town and section of the community, I tell you with pride, my Lord Duke, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, that I do not know one single Canadian who believes in such an eventuality, who harbours a thought so disloyal to our traditions—so contrary to our ambitions. Our earnest desire is to live on friendly terms with the United States, and to settle by arbitration any possible disputes that may arise, but our determination is to retain our political entity."

His Grace the Duke of Argyll referred in a brief speech to the lecturer's ability and the capable manner in which he had handled a difficult subject, and various points of the paper were discussed by Sir Felix Schuster, Sir Charles Tupper, and other well-known authorities. The audience was very large, and applauded the lecturer heartily.

## INDIA, IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

India, Ceylon, and Burmah,  
And far Malaya too,  
Races and creeds unnumbered,  
Send their salaams to you;  
Over the great black water  
We carry with one accord,  
Gold, rubber, tea, and spices,  
Gifts for the Overlord.

THE possession of India, it has been well said, has made England an Empire; but this statement is not meant to disparage the over-sea Dominions which have sprung from the Colonies of emigrants from our shores: Dominions, of which undoubtedly in time to come the populations will expand enormously; Dominions and Crown Colonies which it is the object of constructive statesmanship to attach by some Imperial *nexus* to the mother country. The value and importance of these Colonial portions of the Empire depend on their English-speaking communities, and their potentialities for the future include Trade and assistance in war. The numbers of their populations are small as compared with India. They amount, all told, to comparatively few millions, whereas the latest Indian figures show 315 millions. By being a Dependency, India differs from the Colonies. It has a long and picturesque past. Alexander the Great just failed to incorporate it in his Empire: the Roman armies never reached it. But various Empires have had their days in the Indian peninsula. There the Buddhist Asoka (272-232 B.C.), by his rock-and-pillar edicts, proclaimed his principles of government and ethics; Kanishka (about 120 A.D.) included much of Northern India in his extensive Empire; the Gupta Dynasty in the fourth century, the White Huns in the sixth, Harsha in the seventh, are known to history for their wide rule; the Muhammadans invaded about 1000 A.D., and three hundred years later the whole of India was subject to the Afghans. They gave way to the Moguls in the sixteenth century: the disruption of the Mogul Empire is within the range of modern history. The Empires that have passed away left their marks on the land. The Buddhist remains, Bodhi Gaya, the ruins of Gaur, Delhi, Fatehpur Sikri, the Taj at Agra, the Madura temples, are worthy relics of Imperial builders, though so much has been destroyed by time, climate, and wars: *etiam periere ruinae*. The Kohinoor has descended as an Imperial gem to adorn the dress of English Queens. The British Empire in India differs greatly from its predecessors, in this respect as in others, that measures have been taken to conserve the monuments of departed dynasties.

Lord Curzon has pointed out that, in the strict use of the term, India is the only part of the British Empire which is an Empire. The British Empire is "a loose commonwealth of free States, united to a number of subordinate dependencies." The term Empire and its meaning come down from Roman times. In India the King-Emperor wields the powers of the Roman Emperor whose title he has inherited; he has no Parliament in India to restrain him, though his Ministers are responsible to the Parliament at Westminster. India's right to be designated an Empire rests upon her history, her geographical position, and her magnitude. The peninsula contains not one people, but the descendants of many peoples, races, and tribes, who established themselves in remote ages as sovereign and independent powers. Its position makes India the greatest power in Asia, capable of dominating the politics of the Near East and of influencing the fortunes of Australia and China. Napoleon's eagle eye saw the supreme value of India as the centre and secret of

Imperial dominion, said Lord Curzon, adding De Tocqueville's remark that the conquest and government of India were really the achievements that had given to England her place in the eyes of the world. The Indian Empire is considerably larger and more populous than the Empire of Napoleon at its height. Its magnitude can be expressed in figures. According to the Census of 1901, the Indian Empire covers over 1,760,000 square miles, being greater by 12,000 square miles than the whole of Europe, including Russia. More than a million square miles, or 61 per cent. of the whole, are under British administration. The population amounts to one-fifth of the inhabitants of the globe. India is a crowded territory, with an ancient civilisation, with languages, religions, philosophies, and literatures of its own.

Our Indian Empire is often compared with that of Rome. As to the latter's size we may refer to Gibbon, who endeavoured to give a just image, as he said, of her greatness by describing it as above two thousand miles in breadth, and exceeding three thousand in length, and as being supposed to contain some 1,600,000 square miles, for the most part of fertile and well-cultivated land. The analogy with Rome must not be pressed too far. Lord Cromer examined it in his "Ancient and Modern Imperialism." Rome's attitude to her provincials was not the same as that of England, which makes no distinction of race, colour or religion among the natives of India, towards her Indian subjects. Rome drew a tribute from her conquests, which England has never done. On the other hand, the cause of the growth of the two Empires has been very similar. The contact of a superior Power with inferior races has had similar results. Each step in advance has been accompanied by misgivings. Even the great and valiant Clive, who "turned a trading company into a political power," advocated the limitation rather than the advance of British rule. Warren Hastings and his successors, Wellesley, Lord Hastings, Dalhousie, and Dufferin, gradually built up the Empire; the maintenance of peace was their policy, the acquisition of territory was its result. England, like Rome, in dealing with her neighbours in India was "impelled onwards by the imperious and irresistible necessity of acquiring defensible frontiers;" it was not the lust of conquest or the desire for aggrandisement that urged her on, but the difficulty of stopping short of some stupendous mountain barrier. England, again like Rome, has been largely aided by the auxiliaries drawn from the countries which they conquered. Sir John Seeley, who regarded our acquisition of India as having been made blindly, observed that the nations of India have been conquered by an army of which on the average about a fifth part was English, and Indians have been utilized in other ways for the service of the Empire. Unlike Rome, however, England was not contiguous to her conquests as they advanced. But her command of the sea gave her more power than Rome ever enjoyed over the shores of the Mediterranean. Rome had no difficulty in assimilating her new subjects; the English have never been able to overcome the difficulties presented by climate, which renders colonisation impossible—caste, religion, customs, which keep them and the Indian population socially distinct, while united as subjects to the same Crown. Rome, too, was in her day without a rival, mistress of the world. Great Britain has been one of several competitors for India; she had to contend with Portuguese, Dutch, and French before she could pose as the Paramount Power to the native Princes and peoples.

It was Lord Beaconsfield who first gave official expression to the fact that England possessed an Empire in India by passing, with Queen Victoria's consent, the Royal Titles Act of 1876, which authorised Her Majesty to assume the title of Empress of India. The visit of his Majesty King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, to India in 1875 had pre



pared the way for this new departure. The presence of their future Sovereign in their midst had aroused feelings of loyalty among the Indian Princes which had never before been so awakened. Disraeli's words in the House of Commons came true that the visit of the Prince to the proudest Dominion of the Queen of Great Britain must be productive of results and influence of a beneficial character. It was Disraeli who said, "Touch and satisfy the imagination of nations, for that is an element which no Government can despise." And when the Imperial assemblage was held at Delhi, the capital of the Mogul and preceding Empires, on January 1st, 1877, to proclaim the Imperial title, Lord Lytton, in his address to the gathered Princes, chiefs, and nobles, said that "of all her Majesty's possessions throughout the world—possessions comprising a seventh part of the earth's surface and three hundred millions of its inhabitants—there is not one that she regards with deeper interest than this great and ancient Empire." He added, "This Empire, acquired by her ancestors, and consolidated by herself, the Queen regards as a glorious inheritance to be maintained and transmitted intact to her descendants; and she recognises in the possession of it the most solemn obligations to use her great power for the welfare of all its people, with scrupulous regard to the rights of its feudatory Princes." The title of Empress was to be to all the princes and peoples of India the permanent symbol of its union with their interests and its claim upon their loyal allegiance.

The contemplated Durbar of the King-Emperor to be held at Delhi next December is calculated to remind all India that it forms the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown, and to kindle sentiments of supreme loyalty. The peoples should never be allowed to forget that India is governed for their good, not for any selfish advantage to England, though admittedly India affords a field for British commerce and that of other nations equally. India should remember, too, that the English are indispensable to her: the idea of Indian nationality is as Utopian as the possibility of self-government. It is essential for India's welfare that the British supremacy should be maintained unimpaired in this great portion of England's world-wide Empire.

### THACKERAY AS ARTIST

If we except Du Maurier (who was, after all, an artist writing round his pictures), Thackeray is our notable example of the writer illustrating his own works; and he shows us very clearly both the occasional value and the serious defects of illustrations to imaginative writing. His drawings, indeed, would stand even higher than they do could they be considered apart from their texts. It is to Thackeray rather than to the professional caricaturists of his time that one turns to find the humour of the types and fashions of the Early Victorians.

The first and most evident quality in his drawings is the independence of their humour, the second is a tender, indeed poetic, quality to be found even in the broadest of his caricatures. For Thackeray never falls into that savage grossness of caricature which to the modern eye spoils so much of the work of his contemporaries. All his types have kindness, jollity, and that humour which is called infectious, and the secret of it is that they are all, as it were, conspirators in his jest. They rob laughter of all malice because they seem to be laughing with you. They are all posing; they all seem to watch the reader, some openly, some covertly, to catch his smile. This is true of the solemn as well as of the extravagant types; of Mr. Hicks, the poet, as of The Mulligan; and Mr. Ranville

Ranville, turning his card at whist with magnificent gravity, is as conscious of the amused eye of the reader upon him as is Betty, the maidservant in "Vanity Fair," who strikes the most roguish of attitudes to make the reader smile, while she pretends to discover Becky's note on the pincushion. So, too, with Thackeray's children, who have the prettiest air of precocity. In one and all there is the same suggestion of posing, the same jolly consciousness of being laughable, and the same invitation to the reader to laugh. This it is which gives to Thackeray's drawing the quality of infectious and independent humour. His figures have the proper characteristic of all humorous drawing—that they are funny in themselves. Their humour does not depend upon what they say or do, but belongs to them; they are laughable by what they are, by their droll looks and poses and the fashion of their clothes. And to read the text to which they belong is to add nothing to their humour. One might taste fully the fancy and the satire of Thackeray as an artist without having read a word of his writing.

When Thackeray is submitted to the narrower and severer tests which apply to the illustrator his drawings suffer. Yet if we make the inevitable comparison with Dickens, we see how rarely fortunate he was in his own powers as an artist. Dickens' illustrators served him very ill. They seemed to miss entirely the finer Dickens, and were content to exaggerate into grossness his most farcical moods. Dickens, indeed, by his volatility, his quick changes of feeling, his continual swing between the extremes of riotous comedy and high and serious sentiment, would defy the efforts of the most sympathetic of artists. The comparison, by its contrast, serves to throw into relief the fine qualities of Thackeray's illustrations. But it is valuable for another reason. For where Thackeray failed it was by precisely the same fault, though it is less apparent and less gross, as the illustrators of Dickens.

It is not only possible, but necessary, to separate the essays and burlesques from the novels. The illustrations to the novels fall, as do the illustrations to all long imaginative works, into a special compartment of aesthetics; and there they are subject to peculiar tests, of which the most severe is the criticism that such works should not be illustrated at all. But of the essays and burlesques it may be said that their illustrations fit them to perfection. Thackeray's pen and pencil worked together in complete accord. Each had the same delicate fancy, the same merry humour, the same mock gravity. It is easier to feel than to describe their companionship, for at the root of it is this, that in Thackeray's drawing, just as in his writing, the satire is without malice. That is the quality which informs all his work, and he deserves the praise which Coleridge gave to Hogarth—"The satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet." Beside this perfection of companionship in the essays the shortcomings of the drawings to the one or two novels which he illustrated with his own hand are very apparent, and this for two reasons.

In all imaginative writing which invites the reader to a certain intimacy with its characters and scenes, the longer and the more engrossing the work the less content is the reader to remain a mere recipient of the author's impressions. As his sympathy is caught and his interest fired, he will tend to contribute to the characters and scenes out of his own experience, and to colour them by his own imagination. He will resent the artist's attempt to fix the author's descriptions, and the resentment will vary with his own sensitiveness, imagination, and power to visualise what he reads. Thus the mere length of an imaginative work sets up so many personal and arbitrary standards which it is hopeless for the artist to attempt to satisfy. Beyond this general principle there is a particular reason for rating Thackeray's illustra-



tions to his novels (considered strictly as illustrations) below those of the essays. Thackeray as artist was incapable of the same serious flights as Thackeray the author. His pencil had a much narrower range than his pen. The broader his humour, the merrier his burlesque, the happier do his illustrations appear. He is at his best as artist in "Mr. Perkins' Ball," in "Our Street," and in that gay extravagance "Rebecca and Rowena." But beyond that his pencil could not go. It could not follow him into his scenes of warm sentiment and high tragedy. Thackeray began "Vanity Fair," as Dickens began "Pickwick," in a spirit of burlesque; but as he warmed to his subject, and his sympathy with his own characters grew, the note of his humour was sensibly modulated. This subtle change he was incapable of making in his drawing. And so we find a steadily increasing incongruity between text and illustrations until (notably in the drawings of Dobbin) all companionship is gone.

Yet when every criticism has been made, there remains in all Thackeray's drawing a vivacity of fancy, an independent quality of humour, and a vitality to which few if any of the other comic drawings of his time can lay claim.

## RACIAL QUESTIONS: THE COLONIES' LAST WORD

By H. HOBDEN

AMONG the problems to be discussed at the forthcoming Imperial Conference there is one in which the difficulties embraced are so complex and the issues involved so tremendous that, far from anticipating a solution, we hardly dare hope for an agreement as to a general definition of principle. I refer to the problem presented by the movement of Asiatic population towards the outlying dominions of the British Empire. For many years past the Colonies, side by side with the Western States of America, have been enacting legislation designed to check the inflow of the coloured races upon their shores; and from time to time incidents have occurred in which the white man has displayed a fierce spirit of racial antagonism. Around these incidents, and the great questions underlying them, controversy has seethed and simmered until two distinct schools of thought have become crystallised—those who favour the free entry of the coloured races into the white man's territories and those who demand their exclusion.

In a brief investigation of the questions that arise from the problem of Asiatic immigration it is unnecessary to meet the arguments advanced by the former school. I say it is unnecessary to meet such arguments because they support a doctrine, the doctrine of universal brotherhood, that will not find practical application until mankind shall develop attributes that will place him among the gods. Eliminating, then, the idealist and his ethics, the discussion is narrowed to questions of expediency, political, social, and economic. And here we find that there is yet a third school of thinkers, a select little coterie of superior philosophers, unaffected by the clamour of controversy, whose attitude of omniscient detachment, admirable enough in a world of ideals, is likely to be lifted high in the scales against the dead weight of human passions. This last school pleads for judicious compromise, pointing on the one hand to the susceptibilities of our Eastern ally, and on the other to the growing aspirations of those subject-millions who owe allegiance to the British Crown. These advocates of toleration base their plea on what they choose to accept finally as a fundamental truth when they claim that by Japan's admission to the

comity of nations, and the potential issues this involved, the West is compelled to pause and revise its formulas.

Is the West under any such compulsion? Are we not prone to accept too glibly the conclusions of a few observers who interpret the lessons of the Manchurian battlefields as the triumph not alone of Japan, but of Asia as a whole? Just as an obsession in contemporary affairs is apt to cloud the historic perspective, so is the historic sense, when made to apply arbitrarily and on all occasions to contemporary affairs, liable to lead to grotesque distortion. It is picturesque, but hardly accurate, to compare Mukden to Marathon. There were a thousand causes to explain Russian reverses, a thousand reasons to account for Japanese victories. But the seer has not yet spoken who can show convincingly that the lesson of those victories and reverses points to so stupendous a culmination as the decline of white leadership in the march of nations. Indeed, the evidence is overwhelmingly on the other side. It is as absurd to attach too deep a significance to the signs that are apparent of an awakening Asia as it is to deny the existence of such a phenomenon. Who can look upon the giant activities of Russia; the culture and chivalry of France; the efficient and purposeful progress of Germany; the virility and achievement of the sister nations on the North American continent; the indomitable energy and the vigorous initiative of the Australasian countries and of the subcontinent of the African Union; and, finally, the wealth, the power, and the magnificent resource of Great Britain—who can look upon these massive pillars supporting the edifice of Western civilisation and still tremble for the safety of that edifice?

It is, then, devoutly to be hoped that in any debate which, during the next few weeks, may centre round the questions of Asiatic immigration into the territories of the dominions, no feeble counsel inspired by the terror of an imaginary Yellow Peril will be allowed to intrude. It is to be feared, however, that the philosophic school to which I have alluded will raise their voice in advocacy of compromise, justifying their position on the grounds of the political expediency of the moment, for it is precisely at this point that the question at issue enters the domain of Imperial foreign policy. Here will come the conflict of wholly irreconcilable aims. His Majesty's Government will find it a difficult matter to preserve a sympathetic demeanour in the face of Colonial requirements. Overseas representatives, bearing what are practically the mandates of nations, will have little or no margin for adjustment, and consequently cannot be expected to depart from an attitude of stubborn insistence upon original demands. They will leave the Conference chamber disappointed and disillusioned, and return to tell the national Assemblies of their homelands that the Mother Country considered her own temporary convenience before the vital and permanent interests of her daughter States.

The question may be asked: What are those vital and permanent interests on which the Colonies place so much emphasis? The answer is that, in a final analysis, they concern the political, economic, and social existence of our kith and kin beyond the seas. Where England deems that the exclusion of the Asiatic from the shores of her distant dominions impedes the smooth working of her foreign policy, the States of the Empire are convinced that by this means alone can they ensure their own independence and integrity. And so they have built strong ramparts against the Eastern tide, and they know well that if they permit the smallest breach to be made in those ramparts it can only be a question of time before they become engulfed in the rushing torrent of Asiatic humanity. Can they be blamed for protecting themselves against absorption or annihilation?

Doubtless there are many people in this country who will scoff at the extravagance of the picture. It is, however,

quite unnecessary to look so far into the future to seek for the justification of the policy of exclusion. If the principle of free entry were to be applied in Australia, New Zealand, or British Columbia it is reasonable to suppose that a long period might elapse before the Asiatic became a positive menace in the political sense. But it is undeniable that this period would be marked by an economic tension, wrought by the introduction of labour serving under a standard alien to the land of its adoption, that sooner or later would drive the white man from his own markets. It is equally beyond dispute that grave questions, affecting the moral well-being of the white communities as a whole, would arise from the inclusion in their midst of large numbers of Asiatic men, whose ethical conceptions and practices were in sharp conflict with the ideals of Christendom. The advocates of universal brotherhood and of the equality of mankind believe that the solution of this last problem lies in racial assimilation. But no one who understands the clean manhood of the Colonies will believe for a moment that it would be wise to preach such a doctrine within their borders. Some two years ago I had occasion to make certain inquiries in connection with the subject of Oriental immigration, and my quest led me to the most responsible quarters in London. Tersely the economic desirabilities of cheap coloured labour were laid before me; even the political aspect was touched upon; but the primary objection, and it was emphasised, appeared to be a fundamental racial dread of assimilation. "Our minds are made up. We will not tolerate it," was the final answer given me, and I left with the conviction that Herbert Spencer must have been inspired when he wrote that he was "entirely in favour of the policy of excluding Asiatics . . . or restricting them within the narrowest limits, and for this reason—if they come in large numbers either they will mix with the population or they will not. In the latter event they will ultimately become, if not slaves, practically in the position of slaves. If they do mix they will form a bad hybrid. In either event difficulties must arise, and in the long run immense social disorganisation."

At the present stage in the world's history it is safe to assert that there would be little in the nature of servitude to mark the lot of those Asiatic hordes who would settle upon the fair territories of our overseas dominions were Colonial Governments to raise the barrier that keeps them now in check. But the "immense social disorganisation" of which Spencer wrote would bring catastrophe to the Empire and to the age.

## THE EMPIRE MOVEMENT

BY THE EARL OF MEATH

WHAT is the Empire Movement, and what is its meaning? Such is the question which is sometimes asked. I would reply:—It is an earnest, organised effort to arouse the people who constitute the British Empire to a consciousness of the serious duties which lie at their door. Its watch-words are "Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy, and Self-sacrifice." It was started in 1902, when advantage was taken of the presence in London, for the Coronation of the late King Edward, of many Colonial Prime Ministers and Governors to bring the subject to their notice, and the idea was so enthusiastically taken up that in 1909 May 24th was observed as "Empire or Victoria Day" in practically all the Dominions, Colonies, and Dependencies of the Empire. From reports already received "Empire Day" this year will be observed in the United Kingdom in over 21,000 schools with an average attendance of nearly 4½ million

scholars, whilst throughout the Empire the day will be kept in some 57,000 schools with an attendance of about 8½ million scholars.

I propose to show why this movement should receive the enthusiastic support of every one who wishes to see the Empire maintain that leading position in the world which, through the sterling qualities of our ancestors, it has for so many years enjoyed.

What are the qualities which ensure success in civil life? Are they not moral rectitude, concentration of purpose, knowledge of the business in hand, indefatigable industry, a doggedness of will which knows not the meaning of the word failure, and the possession of strong physical health? Are not all these more or less the outcome of wise direction in youth, founded on the basis of knowledge, and of a firm discipline, training the soul, mind and body to overcome weakness and to conquer in spite of disabilities?

Our virile ancestors received little education in the modern sense of the term, but their fibre was not weakened by an hysterical humanitarianism which considers pain and discomfort the greatest of all earthly evils. They were trained in a hardy school. The allotted task, whatever it might be, had to be performed, the duty had to be fulfilled—come health, come sickness—or punishment, and that of no light character, inevitably supervened.

It may be said, and justly, that the school in which our grandparents were trained was a severe one. Granted; but if they erred on the side of severity, in the opinion of some of us we have gone to the other extreme, and are erring now in the direction of too great a laxity. Whatever the faults of our ancestors may have been, at all events they were trained to endure, to resist, to make light of physical discomfort, to bear pain cheerfully, and to overcome victoriously. They never heard the modern doctrine that no man is responsible for his actions, and that if he errs it must be through the fault of his parents, his superiors, his teachers, or, in default of any more definite scapegoat, of that vague entity known as society in general.

This doctrine, so delightful for the criminal, for the slacker, had not been evolved, with the result that, hardened by a wholesome, though perhaps extreme, discipline, our ancestors handed down to us the Empire that we enjoy to-day of one-fifth of the earth's surface—an Empire acquired and maintained by an unstinted expenditure of British blood and treasure.

Is the rising generation, to whose hands are shortly to be intrusted the future maintenance and welfare of this the greatest Empire the world has ever known, being trained for its honourable but overwhelmingly onerous duties in as hardy and strenuous a school? Some thoughtful men and women are of the opinion that our modern boys and girls are being brought up in too soft and luxurious a manner, and in this connection I would mention some leaflets published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, under the title of the "Duty and Discipline" Series. The essays are written by men and women, eminent in very different walks of life, whose opinions vary on many subjects, but who are all agreed that no small proportion of the social and national dangers which threaten the very existence of our beloved country are due to lack of proper training, which neglects the interests of national welfare.

Now, I would appeal to all, especially to parents, to remember that it is in their power either to injure or to benefit their country. It is in the nursery and in the schoolroom that the characters of the future men and women of the Empire must be formed. Unless the discipline and training carried on there are calculated to turn out alert, virile, hard-working, duty-loving, self-sacrificing men and women, the citizens of the future are hardly likely to be fit either to carry on the noble civic traditions of their



ancestors, or to assist in the defence of their country should they unfortunately ever be called upon to sacrifice themselves on its behalf. I would ask all patriotic parents who desire to aid in the bringing up of a moral, hardy, disciplined race of men and women to encourage their children, girls as well as boys, to join General Baden-Powell's excellent Scout Patrol movement, which teaches alertness of mind and body, obedience, respect for authority, loyalty, patriotism, courage, endurance, and many other virtues as useful for girls as for boys, and for times of peace as for those of war.

And in this connection I would desire to point out that from a national point of view the disciplinary training of girls is as important to the country as that of the boys; for the girls are to be the mothers of the future, and they also must learn to subdue self, to be brave, to suffer pain and hardship cheerfully and without finching; they must be taught to realise that the duties they owe to their country are as honourable, as onerous, as dangerous, as painful, and as important—if not more so—as those demanded by their brothers; they must learn to subordinate selfish interests to those of the State; they also must nourish noble ideals, and glory in any personal loss or suffering which in the interests of their Sovereign or of the Empire they may be privileged to endure.

I would specially appeal to the young to discipline themselves and to do their best to become good citizens of the magnificent Empire. Let us all see to it that, as far as we individually are concerned, through our example, and by every means in our power, we endeavour to raise up in the future a generation of disciplined men and women, imbued with a burning sense of their responsibilities, and determined to make themselves worthy citizens of an Empire containing no less than four hundred millions of human beings, and covering one-fifth of the earth's surface—an Empire the like of which the world has never known.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

### M. STOLYPIN—DICTATOR OR DEMOCRAT?

By LANCELOT LAWTON

POLITICAL affairs in Russia are slowly but very surely drifting towards an acute crisis. In THE ACADEMY of April 22nd I wrote that "naturally the Russian people have become very jealous of the new and precious gift of representative government, and their Parliament is not likely to accept mildly M. Stolypin's ruling that in no circumstances has it a right to question the Government's action in enforcing Article 87. If the Premier is wise he will avoid another conflict with the Legislature. In any case, it would seem that a situation has been created from which he will find it very difficult to escape, and before long his resignation may be expected." Since this paragraph appeared M. Stolypin has "faced the music" of an angry Duma, and his action in applying the Emergency Clause for the promulgation of the South-Western Zemstvos Bill has been condemned by an overwhelming majority. The Premier's latest defence of his policy leaves us more than ever in doubt as to the real character of his convictions. In the first place, he figures as an out-and-out autocrat. Because, he says, the Senate, or Council of Ministers, is presided over by the Sovereign, the Duma has no legal right to challenge its promulgation of any measure. In the next breath he executes a *volte face* and appears as the champion of popular government. He declares that the Administration would employ the Emergency Clause only in respect of a measure sanctioned by the Duma and rejected by the Upper House.

And, finally, he falls back upon attacking the members of the Upper House, who, he says, are not representatives of the nation, but representatives of class interest. Here we have M. Stolypin in the delightful rôle of demagogue. Yet opinion is practically unanimous, at home and abroad, that by flouting both branches of the Legislature he has virtually constituted himself Dictator of the Russian Empire. M. Stolypin is, of course, very much perplexed. He has stated his arguments with the object of showing that he has met the wishes of all parties, but he succeeds in convincing none. Surely there is no more misunderstood man in Europe to-day than the Russian Premier! The only consolation left to him in his isolation is the reflection that it is an indiscriminating and ungrateful world. His assertion that there can be no question as to the right of the Senate to advise the Sovereign in the application of the Emergency Clause is intended to gratify the friends of Autocracy. But they steadfastly refuse to be reconciled, declaring that M. Stolypin is merely shielding his own dictatorship behind the Throne.

Then the Premier, with sweet words, valiantly tried to win back the loyalty of the representative Chamber. The Duma, it will be remembered, originally passed the Western Provinces Zemstvos Bill, afterwards rejected by the Upper Chamber. M. Stolypin did not wait to reintroduce the measure. He promptly invoked the aid of Article 87 of the Fundamental Laws, suspended both branches of the Legislature, and in the interim the much-debated Bill was promulgated. Thereupon both Houses considered that their constitutional powers had been wantonly usurped. Hence they had grounds for making common cause against M. Stolypin.

In Russia, as in Great Britain, the two branches of the Legislature are in conflict. The political conditions of each country are, of course, as widely apart as the poles; but let us, for illustration's sake, imagine that M. Stolypin's policy were applied in our own case. The Cabinet would take the place of the Senate, or the Council of Ministers. They would have the right, whenever they considered that circumstances warranted, to advise the Sovereign to suspend both Houses of Parliament, and in the meantime the Bill upon which they were intent would be promulgated. M. Stolypin, however, is careful to explain that such tactics will only be employed in regard to measures passed by the Duma and rejected by the Upper House. In other words, he proposes to use autocratic means for the purpose of securing the ends of democracy. Such is the Russian way of ensuring the ascendancy of the Lower House. Perhaps it will suggest something to the mind of Mr. Asquith! Were M. Stolypin's policy to be accepted there would indeed be Single Chamber Government in Russia. But the crisis has arisen not over any fear on this score, but because of the belief among all parties in the State that at heart the Premier cares nothing for constitutional liberty.

Yet M. Stolypin refuses to be otherwise than perplexed. He has enforced the will of the Duma, rebuked its enemy the Upper House, and has given notice of his intention to uphold at all costs the ascendancy of the representative institution. The conservative and reactionary elements in the Empire complain bitterly that he is arrogating to himself sovereign powers, while the Duma roundly scolds him for usurping the constitutional privileges of the people. That is the situation in summary. But it is further complicated by the fact that M. Stolypin says one thing to the Upper House and another thing to the Duma. A few weeks ago he declared to the former that the Government, or, in other words, the Council of Ministers, was alone competent to decide when the circumstances were sufficiently extraordinary to justify resort to the Emergency Clause. He then made mention of his resolve, subsequently expressed in the Duma, to use this means only in cases where its



measures had been rejected by the Upper House. The final outcome of his methods, as I have already said, is to alienate the sympathy of all parties in the land. Even leading Nationalists who are the sponsors of the Zemstvos Bill assail him on the constitutional principle. According to law the measure must again be presented to the Legislature within two months of its promulgation under the Emergency Clause. It is believed that this condition will be complied with on May 25th, and that the very next day both Chambers will be prorogued. This course will save M. Stolypin from immediate defeat. It discloses a subtle plan of escape. But the nation, already incensed by "tactics," will not readily forgive so patent a ruse. The Premier may "save his face," but he certainly will not retain his position.

#### DIPLOMACY AND COMMERCE

A question has been asked in Parliament, by Mr. Houston, which bears a relation to the subject discussed in last week's issue of THE ACADEMY. Sir Edward Grey replied that he had no reason to believe that German Consuls give more assistance or information than British Consuls afford. This statement is opposed to the experience of the commercial world. How does Sir Edward Grey account for the undeniable fact that our Consular reports are hopelessly belated, and that from many important centres where Consuls reside it is not deemed necessary to publish reports of any description?

#### THE TRIPLE ENTENTE

From the very beginning I have insisted in these columns that the Triple Entente was unaffected by any negotiations that may have taken place between the two Emperors at Potsdam. This week an inspired article appeared in the *Rossiya*, making it clear that Russia was loyally supporting her ally over the question of Morocco. In the opinion of the *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg, "the *Rossiya's* statement puts an end to any doubts regarding the much-debated Russo-German negotiations and their possible influence in Russia's relations towards her allies. The article affords convincing evidence that the foreign policy of this country cannot be diverted from the Triple Entente."

### SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN IRISH POETRY—II.

DR. KUNO MEYER, speaking of the ancient literature of Ireland, refers to the "loftiness, tenderness, and purity" which characterise it; and in this also the new race of poets are the inheritors of past tradition. For them the love of man and woman is still a natural and wholesome human feeling—not a sex problem. It is for them but another, it may be a higher, manifestation of the nature they love in all her forms, and consequently it falls into its proper place in the scheme of things, and is viewed by them in its just relation to the other joys and sorrows and problems of life.

It is, indeed, remarkable how few, proportionately, are the love-songs of modern Ireland, and against those we have it may be urged with some truth that they lack the fervour of individual feeling which marks the great love poetry of the world. They are addressed to abstractions rather than living women; like Angus, the lover of Irish myth, the poets seek their loves

At the edge of the rainbow well, whose whispering waters tell  
Of a face bent over the rim, rose-pale and as roses red (1).  
Only very rarely do we find a hint of the authentic human

(1) Ethna Carbery.

thrill, as in Moira O'Neill's "Cuttin' Rushes," or in "Across the Door," by Padraic Colum, which I quote in full:—

The fiddles were playing and playing,  
The couples were out on the floor;  
From converse and dancing he drew me,  
And across the door.  
Ah! strange were the dim wide meadows,  
And strange was the cloud-strewn sky,  
And strange in the meadows the cornerakes,  
And they making cry!  
The hawthorn bloom was by us,  
Around us the breath of the south,  
White hawthorn, strange in the night-time—  
His kiss on my mouth!

In that, simple as it is, there is a hint of love as the eternal mystery which lends strangeness to familiar things, and of the warmth and the thrill of its purely human side.

But if love poetry, pure and simple, is lacking to some extent, we find no dearth of what Wordsworth would have called Poems of the Affections—of the tenderness of friend for friend, of husband for wife, of mother for child. Some of the lullabies are charming, with their sleepy refrain of "Shoheen, shlo lo," and there is a wonderfully tender note in poems like Padraic Colum's "Cradle Song," where the mother, hushing her baby to sleep, says to the men entering—

O men from the fields!  
Come softly within,  
Tread softly, softly,  
O men coming in!

O men from the fields!  
Soft, softly come through—  
Mary puts round him  
Her mantle of blue.

This tenderness of feeling for helpless things—for children, for the old, for the poor—is very marked. We find it in Emily Lawless's pathetic "Stranger's Grave," in Stephen Gwynn's "Out in the Dark," in S. O'Sullivan's "Piper," who played till

Little bare feet that were blue with cold  
Went dancing back to the age of gold,  
And all the world went gay, went gay,  
For half an hour in the street to-day;

and in the sympathy touched with humour of Padraic Colum's "Old Woman of the Roads," "weary of mist and dark, And roads where there's never a house or bush," and cherishing in her mind a vision of a "little house, a house of me own," and a

"Dresser filled with shining delph,  
Speckled and white and blue and brown."

It is from the common life of the peasant in his fields or in his home, of the wanderer on the road, of the drover following his cattle, that the poets in most cases draw their inspiration, making their songs of homely things told in a simple and direct speech which is yet, somehow, the true language of poetry. They attain at times, though it may seem presumptuous to say so, the ideal first set up by Wordsworth, which he himself, when he most studied simplicity, only rarely achieved. The feelings described are of a simple kind, but they are real feelings, and there is a total absence of anything approaching to sentimentality.

I have tried to show some of the characteristics of the subject matter of the poems of Ireland to-day, and it may fairly be asked, But what place do her poets take as craftsmen, as weavers of words and inventors of measures? This is a more difficult question to answer, and only one versed

in the technicalities of the poetic art could answer it rightly. In this respect, it seems to me, the poets of to-day have broken with ancient tradition. The bards of old framed such stringent laws for the regulating of verse that ultimately matter was subordinated to form; they bound themselves so rigidly that the freedom of poetic inspiration was strangled in the meshes of a complicated system of verbal arrangement. Their modern successors have to a certain extent rejected the ordinary standards of prosody, and the result is rather chaotic. They seem to be feeling for new methods of expressing sound in verse, and if as yet they have achieved no notable reforms, and have had many failures, still, here and there we find a fine and unfamiliar rhythm or a subtle cadence which arrests the ear as something new. It is impossible here to give a sufficient number of quotations to illustrate these experiments in versification, but the following lines strike me as original in rhythm, or at least as variations of more familiar measures:—

Peace and holy gloom possess him, last of Gaelic monarchs of the Gael,  
Slumbering by the young eternal river voices of the Western vale.

—T. W. Rolleston.

I wish I'd be forgetting it, a blue September morning,  
The blowing grass, the torn nets, and one girl's scorning.  
—Theodosia Garrison.

It is a whisper among the hazel bushes;  
It is a long, low whispering voice that fills  
With a sad music the bending and swaying rushes:  
It is a heart-beat deep in the quiet hills.

—S. O'Sullivan.

In the irregular rhythm of S. MacCathmaoil's *Coronach* there is a broken music which suggests the rise and fall of the *caoine* for the dead:—

Come, pipes, sound  
A crooning coronach round,  
Till hill and hollow glen and shadowed lake o'erflow  
With welling music of our woe.  
Beat, beat, ye muffled drums, ye drones and chanters wail  
With heartbreak of the baffled, battle-broken Gael.  
The clay is deep on Ireland's breast:  
Her proud and bleeding heart is laid at last to rest . . .  
To rest . . . to rest!

In a short sketch such as this it is obviously impossible to make a satisfactory study of the tendencies and achievements of even a few of the poets of modern Ireland, but the writer hopes enough has been said to tempt the lover of poetry to follow for himself a by-path of literature which offers many alluring glimpses of a comparatively new and undiscovered realm.

R. D.

## COLONIAL INVESTMENTS

THERE are many reasons why we should prefer Colonial investments to those in foreign countries, but the main reason why they are so popular and consequently give a lower yield than investments in foreign countries is that most of us have been in the Colonies, and those who have not been abroad have one or more members of their family who are Colonials. We know what we are buying. We also feel at the bottom of our hearts that the nation as a body is at the back of Colonial investments. This is, of course, pure sentiment, for each Colony stands on its merits, and the Government specially declares upon every dividend warrant of Colonial stock that it is not in any way responsible for either principal or interest. Yet we feel that the

Empire hangs together morally and financially, and we believe that one day all the Colonial debts will be merged into one huge Imperial debt. The old idea that the Colonies were a burden and almost a nuisance has died. The modern man thinks that the State must recognise its responsibilities and that the Colonies should reciprocate. Sentiment tells in finance as in everything else, and most of us would prefer our money to earn 3½ in Canada than 5 in the Argentine.

Canada is the great Colonial borrower to-day. Twenty years ago the Australian Colonies were perpetually asking for loans. They borrowed too much, but they had the sense to stop, and now their debts appear small compared with their ever-growing assets. Canada does not, however, borrow direct as a Government. Her debt is only 14 millions as against nearly 40 millions of New South Wales. It is the Canadian financier who borrows. This he does with courage. The Mackenzie and Mann group finance their railway, lumber, and other schemes with great skill, and, in spite of the fact that certain people in the City shake their heads, they are likely to pull through, and make successes of the greater number of their companies. The Canadian Pacific total indebtedness is only 46 millions, which, considering the length and importance of the line, is a record. Canadian Pacific Ordinary shares only yield 4 per cent., but they are strongly held both in England and Canada, and even at present prices are bought by Montreal investors. The Preference and Bond issues yield less, and may be considered gilt-edged Canadian securities. The Grand Trunk has now a capital indebtedness of 65 millions, and a further heavy liability in its Grand Trunk Pacific. Sooner or later the Grand Trunk securities will appreciate, and even the Ordinary stock appears a good look-up with a dividend prospect after half a dozen years have passed. Hudson Bay is another great Canadian Company whose shares are equally sought for, with the result that the yield is under 4 per cent. The great banks of Canada are the Bank of Montreal, whose shares yield only 4 per cent., a lower yield than any English Bank, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce, on whose shares an investor can only obtain a shade over 4 per cent. The fashion to-day turns towards Canadian Industrials. Promoters by the score have made combines, or "mergers," as they are called, of groups of factories. The purchase price has been obtained by Bonds, and the promoter has usually taken most of the common stock for himself. How long these mergers will continue prosperous depends upon the growth of Canada. In most cases the Bonds may be considered a fair speculative investment and the common stock a poor gamble. Bonds of Municipalities in Canada give the investor 4 to 5 per cent., and in most cases are reasonably secure. But Bonds issued by towns that depend for their existence upon mines are very dangerous. The Municipal Bonds of the leading cities like Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, are good, but not cheap.

Australia was once a great borrower, but to-day the City turns a cold shoulder upon this great Colony, as, for example, when Queensland offered her last loan, which was a complete failure. But the Governments of Australia, large as is their indebtedness, are quite solvent, and the public realises this and readily buys anything that gives a yield over 3½. Prices of all the Colonial Government Loans have appreciated during the past few months, and if, as appears likely, we are in for a period of cheap money, then we shall see a still greater rise in such investments. They are, most of them, invested Stocks. The Municipal Loans of Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, are perfectly sound, and yield about 4 per cent. The railways in the Australian Colonies belong to the Commonwealth; therefore we get no railway securities from the Antipodes. But Land Companies are occasional borrowers, and as they have



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The Crown Colonies have all borrowed as freely as they dare, but their total indebtedness is not much more than 12 millions, of which Ceylon is responsible for nearly 4 millions. The yields vary slightly, but an investor can obtain nearly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  all round and rest easy that he is in sound loans.

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The newly-discovered industry of rubber in the Malay cannot be left out of any list of Colonial investments. Prices of rubber shares are to-day very low, and such good companies as Linggi, Anglo-Malay, Vallombrosa, Pataling, Consolidated Malay, Cicely Selangor, Highlands and Lowlands, are all cheap enough to yield well over 10 per cent. No rubber share should be purchased unless it yields this, but the best are certainly sound speculation at to-day's prices.

## IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

If last week was dull, the present week is still duller. The public appears to have lost all interest in speculation, and they decline either to buy or sell. Indeed the British public never sell; that is why they are such bad speculators, and is one reason why they invariably lose their money. They are always on the bull tack, and when anybody is a bull a fall is inevitable. We want gamblers on both bull and bear tacks. To-day we are apparently suffering from stale bull accounts in process of liquidation. When it will end I cannot say. A good many brokers do not expect any revival

before the Coronation, as they think that the excitement in the West will stop any similar feeling in the East. But if we continue in our present state of lethargy prices will drop back to the old levels at which the year started. This will be an excellent thing for people with money to invest, for they will be able to get 5 per cent.—a chance such as seldom occurs.

Not only does the public refuse to buy shares on the Stock Exchange, but it also refuses to apply for shares in the new companies that are being brought out. I do not blame them, for the promoter to-day apparently considers that the majority of mankind are fools. We have been asked to subscribe for sheer downright gambles like the Malayan Tin, or impudent so-called Banks like the Credit Bank, against which the whole Press has warned the investor. I suspect this Mr. McCann will continue to run his "Bank" on the old lines, and will not be provided with money to discount "Guaranteed Commercial Bills"—whatever they may be. I am surprised that Mr. Parry, whose *A B C Rubber Handbook* has been so useful and so accurate, should have put his name upon the Sennah prospectus. He says in the second edition of his *A B C* that he calculates the profit on rubber at 1s. per lb. for 1913, yet in the prospectus he allows a valuation at 50 per cent. more. Mr. Parry as expert and Mr. Parry as promoter-vendor are evidently possessed of two brains that work independently. The Sennah land is not worth half the price asked, and as Rubber is an industrial proposition the valuation of the estate is the vital point in all Rubber prospectuses. The Bahia Blanca offer of debentures guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific was a cheap offer, for the security is good enough.

MONEY is much easier, and now that the Budget is well under weigh, will become easier still. Indeed, except for the desire of the great Banks to keep a steady 3 per cent. rate, I see no reason why the Bank of England should not reduce the official rate to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . But whether this happens or not, we shall surely get a low Bank Rate right through the summer.

FOREIGNERS have been dead idle. Even the bulls of Perus could not twist the preference beyond 43 and keep them there. The French Banks are marking up Russians in readiness for the Railway Loan, and they extended their operations to London, where quite a reasonable market sprang up on Tuesday.

HOME RAILS are bought in small lots by little investors and sold in big blocks by stale bulls whose bankers decline to finance them any longer. Thus we get days of dullness punctuated with hours of brisk trade. Prices are a shade more attractive, and they will soon be at a level that will bring in a fresh lot of buyers. We must not forget that Home Rails grow fatter each day with dividend. This is an important matter to an investor. The end of the year is rapidly approaching, and in a few weeks we shall be able to calculate with great accuracy the dividends for the June half-year. Nearly all the lines show admirable increases, and, as working expenses have been cut down, an addition to last June dividend distributions seems certain. The present account looks as though it would be a dull one, but I should advise investors to watch the Home Rail Market and buy in upon flat days. I again repeat that Brums, Great Westerns, Lancashire and Yorkshires, and North Easterns are thoroughly sound gilt-edged stocks, and that they are undervalued in the market when all the dealers are short of shares.

YANKEES.—The Trust Decision came to the hour, as Mr. Vanderlip declared it would. The big banks cabled over here large buying orders, and the London market went in and bid hard. The decision was a bear point, yet Yankees rose all round. This shows how futile it is for an outsider to gamble in Yankees, for the note is struck to suit the big finance houses, and they are quite cynical in their disregard of hard facts. But though the New York bankers will not allow any banging of markets, they are equally determined not to allow any wild speculation. They are determined to

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place all the short-dated notes they can, and they must have peace and dulness to do this satisfactorily. I do not believe that we shall see any boom, but I feel almost certain we shall not get a slump.

**RUBBER.**—I should not [be surprised to see a rise in this market. Prices have now fallen almost to a 15 per cent. level, and even if raw rubber falls to 4s. a lb. the leading rubber companies can make handsome profits at this price. The cost of production averages 1s. 6d. all over the Malay States, and with rubber at 4s. most of the well-managed companies should get an average price of 3s. 6d. This gives 2s. for the net profit. But we must not forget that rubber has been moderately high for some months, so that 2s. is an understatement. I do not suggest a purchase of any but the best companies, whose names you know as well as I do. However, it is worth repeating that Highlands, Linggi, Anglo-Malay, Consolidated Malay, Vallombrosa are free markets and good, sound companies; that Pataling, Selangor, Cicely, Golconda, Batu Cares, Lanadron, Kapar, Para, Rubana, and Straits Rubber are sound concerns in which there is usually a market, though the two latter shares are sometimes difficult to purchase. No one can go wrong here. But never be deluded into buying so-called "cheap shares," they may look cheap, but you will find them dear in the end.

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**KAFFIRS.**—It would seem to me that the big houses do not intend to do anything to move this market, which must drop to a lower level. The Rand will be short of labour during the next few months, and we are warned that what labour there is will be dear; therefore I say, Keep out of Kaffirs.

**RHODESIANS.**—A move is to be made in Willoughbys, and Percy Marsden is sending out circulars. Marvellous reports are issued. But I am sick of this Rhodesian market, for any good news always brings in a host of sellers, and I should not dare to buy for fear the "shop" were selling. Mines are out of fashion.

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To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I say a few words with respect to your welcome article in the current issue of your paper?

We have but to do away with our hereditary principle of government, and we rid ourselves of that principle which distinguishes national from non-national rule. We shall, in fact, no longer have any original or constitutional basis of government, but merely a predatory ground of legislation.

For instance, our hereditary principle of government—that is to say, the House of Lords—must not be confused, as it appears to be, with personal forms of heredity; such forms being allied, more or less, to negative forms of heredity. There is such an hereditary principle of Government as an impersonal, national, or legal hereditary principle—a principle relative of positive and not merely negative forms of heredity.

It is upon such a principle that our House of Lords is based, for, apart from this supreme or entirely impersonal basis of government, all other hereditary principles must be varying principles—that is to say, idealistic and therefore empirical forms of heredity.

Thus our House of Lords has no political value in an empirical sense of heredity, but only in this supreme or national sense of heredity.

Surely, Sir, it will not be argued that our Constitution was based upon empirical or personal formulas of government? And if not, how on earth is the House of Lords, as a national or impersonal principle of heredity, to be justly termed a degenerate principle of government? If, as a national principle of heredity, it is to be termed "rotten," then the British Constitution, in this fundamental sense, has always been rotten.

No, Sir, the fact of the matter is we have degenerated in an individual and not in a national sense. The very fact of the attempt on the part of the Commons to smash the magnificent structure of the British Constitution (for this attack on the Lords is virtually an attack upon the Crown, since the destruction of the former cannot be made without the destruction of the latter) is proof enough. Once let an empirical or elected Second Chamber be substituted for a real, national, or hereditary Chamber, and the people of these islands (since the Government is supposed to act under orders from the people) will have completely forfeited the liberties obtained for them by that glorious script Magna Charta.

One great and noble Baron of the realm (the Earl of Wemyss, in a letter to the *Times*) has had the courage to make a public protest against such a suicidal act of policy premeditated through the voice of the people.

Is this grand old Peer, with but a handful of loyal comrades, to stand alone? Are there no true and faithful hearts to be found among the Commons of this benighted land who will answer to the rallying cry thus made for England's salvation?

If not, then, Sir, as you have surmised in your article, it would be more to the glory of England if the Lords, since they have got to go, died with some semblance of nobility.—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

#### THE ORCHARD HOUSE AT CONCORD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It may interest some of the many English men and English women who as children enjoyed Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" and other stories to know that at Concord, Massachusetts, U.S.A., a movement has been started to keep intact the Orchard House in which the Alcott family lived for many years. Americans of late have shown a disposition to preserve such literary and artistic shrines as there are in their country. The birthplaces or former residences of Longfellow, Poe, Irving, Whittier, Whitman, Whistler, and others have been commemorated. This year, although financial conditions in the States are not altogether so propitious as at some times, the Woman's Club of the New England village, through its President, Mrs. Henry C. Rolfe, has been appealing to all lovers of Miss Alcott's books to contribute toward a fund of at least £1,600 to guarantee the preservation and maintenance of this ancient historic home. A portion of the fund has already been subscribed, mostly in small amounts, and is in the hands of Henry F. Smith, junr., Middlesex

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